

no. 1

THE 8
Sullen Lovers:
OR, THE
IMPERTINENTS.
A
COMEDY

Acted by His Highness the Duke of YORK's
Servants.

Written by
THO. SHADWELL.

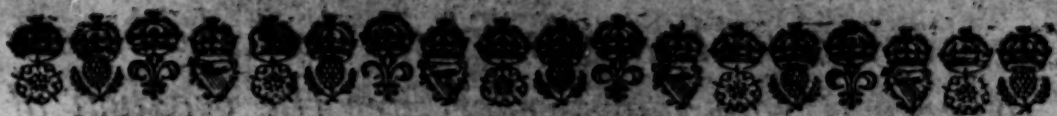
*Nunc satis est dixisse, Ego mira Poemata pango:
Occupet extremum scabies: mihi turpe relinqui est,
Et, quod non didici, sane nescire fateri.*

Hor. de Art. Poet.

LONDON,

Printed for Henry Herringman at the Sign of the Anchor in the
Lower-Walk of the New-Exchange. 1670.

Printed for Henry Henshaw at the sign of the Anchor in the
Dorset-Street of the New-Exchange 1765.



T O

The thrice Noble, High and Puissant Prince

WILLIAM,

Duke, Marquess, and Earl of Newcastle,
Earl of Ogle, Viscount Mansfield, Baron of Bolsover,
of Ogle, of Bertram, Bothall, and Hepple, Gentleman
of His Majesties Bed-chamber, One of His Majesties
most honourable Privy Councel, Knight of the
most noble Order of the Garter, His Majesties
Lieutenant of the County and Town of Not-
tingham, and Justice in Eyre, Trent, North, &c.

May it please your Grace,

H Ad I no particular Obligations to urge
me, yet my own Inclinations would
prompt me not onely to dedicate this
to you, but my self to your Graces
service: Since you have so much obliged your
Countrey both by your Courage, and your Wit,
that all men who pretend either to Sword, or
Pen, ought to shelter themselves under your
Graces Protection: Those Excellencies, as well

The Epistle Dedicatory.

as the great Obligations I have had the honour to receive from your Grace, are the occasion of this Dedication: And I doubt not, but that Generosity wherewith your Grace has alwayes succour'd the afflicted, will make you willing (by suffering me to use the honour of your name) to rescue this from the bloody hands of the Criticks, who will not dare to use it roughly, when they see your Graces name in the beginning, that being a stamp sufficient to render it true Coyn, though it be adulterate. That authority that makes you able, and that great Goodness that makes you willing to protect all your servants, may give you frequent troubles of this nature, but I hope your Grace will be pleased to pardon them when they come from

London, Sept. 1.
1668.

My Lord,

Your Graces

Most obliged humble servant,

Tho. Shadwell.



PREFACE.

Reader,



He success of this Play, as it was much more then it deserv'd, so was much more than I expected: Especially in this very Critical age, when every man pretends to be a Judge, and some, that never read Three Playes in their lives, and never understood one, are as positive in their Judgement of Playes, as if they were all *Johnsons*. But had I been us'd with all the severity imaginable, I should patiently have submitted to my Fate; not like the rejected Authors of our time, who when their Playes are damn'd, will strut, and huff it out, and laugh at the Ignorance of the Age: Or like some other of our Modern Fopps, that declare they are resolv'd to justifie their Playes with their Swords (though perhaps their Courage is as little as their Wit) such as peep through their loopholes in the Theatre, to see who looks grum upon their Playes: and if they spy a Gentle Squire making Faces, he poor soul must be *Hector'd* till he likes 'em, while the more stubborn *Bully-Rock* damns, and

The Preface.

and is safe : Such is their discretion in the Choice of their men. Such Gentlemen as these I must confess had need pretend they cannot erre. These will huffe, and look big upon the success of an ill Play stuff'd full of Songs and Dances, (which have that constraint upon 'em too, that they seldome seem to come in willingly;) When in such Playes the Composer and the Dancing-Master are the best Poets, and yet the unmerciful Scribler would rob them of all the Honour.

I am so far from valuing my self (as the phrase is) upon this Play, that perhaps no man is a severer Judge of it then my self; yet if any thing could have made me proud of it, It would have been the great Favour and Countenance it receiv'd from His Majesty and their Royal Highnesses.

But I could not perswade my self that they were so favourable to the Play for the Merit of it, but out of a Princely Generosity, to encourage a young beginner, that did what he could to please them, and that otherwise might have been baulk'd for ever : 'Tis to this I owe the success of the Play, and am as far from presumption of my own merits in it, as one ought to be who receives an Alms.

The first hint I receiv'd was from the report of a Play of *Molieres* of three Acts, called *Les Facheux*, upon which I wrote a great part of this before I read that; And after it came to my hands, I found so little for my use (having before upon that hint design'd the

The Preface.

the fittest Characters I could for my purpose, that I have made use of but two short Scenes (*Viz.*) the first Scene in the Second Act between *Stanford* and *Roger*, and *Molier's* story of *Piquette*, which I have translated into Back-gammon, both of them so vary'd you would not know them. But I freely confess my Theft, and am asham'd on't, though I have the example of some that never yet wrote Play without stealing most of it; And (like Men that lye so long, till they believe themselves) at length, by continual Thieving, reckon their stolne goods their own too: which is so ignoble a thing, that I cannot but believe that he that makes a common practice of stealing other mens Witt, would, if he could, with the same safety steale any thing else.

I have in this Play, as neer as I could, observed the three Unities, of Time, Place, and Action; The time of the Drama does not exceed six houres, the place is in a very narrow Compass, and the Main-Action of the Play, upon which all the rest depend, is the Sullen-Love betwixt *Stanford* and *Emilia*, which kind of love is onely proper to their Characters: I have here, as often as I could naturally, kept the Scenes unbroken, which (though it be not so much practised, or so well understood, by the *English*) yet among the French-Poets is accompted a great Beauty; but after these frivolous excuses the want of design in the Play has been objected against me; which fault (though I may endeavour a little to extenuate) I

(a)

dare

The Preface.

dare not absolutely deny : I conceive, with all submission to better Judgments, that no man ought to expect such Intrigues in the little actions of Comedy, as are requir'd in Playes of a higher Nature : but in Playes of Humour, where there are so many Characters as there are in this, there is yet less design to be expected: for, if after I had form'd three or four forward prating Fopps in the Play, I had made it full of Plott, and Business; at the latter end, where the turnes ought to be many, and suddenly following one another, I must have let fall the humour, which I thought wou'd be pleasanter then Intrigues could have been without it; and it would have been easier to me to have made a Plott then to hold up the Humour.

Another Objection, that has been made by some, is, that there is the same thing over and over: which I do not apprehend, unless they blame the unity of the action, yet *Horace de Arte Poetica*, sayes,

Sit quod vis, simplex duntaxat, & unum.

Or whether it be the carrying on of the humours to the last, which the same Author directs me to doe.

*Si quid inexpertum Scenæ committis, & audes
Personam formare novam, Servetur ad Imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi constet.*

The Preface.

I have endeavour'd to represent variety of Humours (most of the persons of the *Play* differing in their Characters from one another) which was the practise of *Ben Johnson*, whom I think all Dramatick Poets ought to imitate, though none are like to come near; he being the onely person that appears to me to have made perfect Representations of Humane Life: most other Authors that I ever read, either have wilde Romantick Tales, wherein they strein Love and Honour to that Ridiculous height, that it becomes Burlesque: or in their lower Comœdies content themselves with one or two Humours at most, and those not near so perfect Characters as the admirable *Johnson* alwayes made, who never wrote Comedy without seven or eight considerable Humours. I never saw one except that of *Falstaffe* that was in my judgment comparable to any of *Johnson's* considerable Humours: You will pardon this digression when I tell you he is the man, of all the World, I most passionately admire for his Excellency in Drammatic-Poetry.

Though I have known some of late so Insolent to say, that *Ben Johnson* wrote his best *Playes* without Wit; imagining, that all the Wit in *Playes* consisted in bringing two persons upon the Stage to break Jest, and to bob one another, which they call Repartie, not considering that there is more wit and invention requir'd in the finding out good Humor, and

The Preface.

Matter proper for it, then in all their smart reparties. For, in the Writing of a Humor, a Man is confin'd not to swerve from the Character, and oblig'd to say nothing but what is proper to it: but in the *Plays* which have been wrote of late, there is no such thing as perfect Character, but the two chief persons are most commonly a Swearing, Drinking, Whoring, Ruffian for a Lover, and an impudent ill-bred *tomrig* for a Mistress, and these are the fine people of the *Play*; and there is that Latitude in this, that almost any thing is proper for them to say; but their chief Subject is bawdy, and profaness, which they call *brisk writing*, when the most dissolute of Men, that relish those things well enough in private, are *chok'd* at e'm in publick: and, methinks, if there were nothing but the ill Manners of it, it should make Poets avoid that Indecent way of Writing.

But, perhaps you may think me as impertinent as any one I represent; that, having so many faults of my own, shou'd take the liberty to Judge of others, to impeach my fellow Criminalls: I must confess it is very ungenerous to accuse those that modestly confess their own Errors; but positive men, that Justifie all their faults, are Common Enemies, that no man ought to spare, prejudicial to all Societies they live in, destructive to all Communication, always endeavouring Magisterially to impose upon our understandings, against the Freedome of Mankind: These ought no more to be suffer'd amongst us, then wild beasts:
for

The Preface.

for no corrections that can be laid upon e'm are of power to reforme e'm; and certainly it was a positive Foole that *Salomon* spoke of, when he said, *bray him in a Mortar, and yet he will retain his folly.*

But I have troubled you too long with this Discourse, and am to aske your pardon for it, and the many faults you will find in the *Play*; and beg you will believe, that whatever I have said of it, was intended not in Justification, but Excuse of it: Look upon it, as it really was, wrote in haste, by a Young Writer, and you will easily pardon it; especially when you know that the best of our Drammatick Writers have wrote very ill *Playes* at first, nay some of e'm have wrote several before they could get one to be Acted; and their best *Playes* were made with great expence of labour and time. Nor can you expect a very Correct *Play*, under a Years pains at the least, from the Wittiest Man of the Nation; It is so difficult a thing to write well in this kind. Men of quality, that write for their pleasure, will not trouble themselves with exactness in their *Playes*; and those, that write for profit, would find too little encouragement for so much paines as a correct *Play* would require.

Vale.

Prologue.

How popular are Poets now a dayes?
Who can more Men at their first summons raise,
Then many a wealthy home-bred Gentleman,
By all his interest in his Countrey can.
They raise their friends, but in one day arise
Gainst one poor Poet, all these Enemies:

For so he has observ'd you alwayes are,
And against all that write maintain a Warr.
What shall he give you composition now?
Alas, he knowes not what you will allow.
He has no cautionary Song, nor Dance,
That might the Treaty of his Peace advance.
No kinde Romantick Lovers in his Play,
To sigh and whine out passion, such as may
Charme Waitingwomen with Heroick Chime,
And still resolve to live and die in Rhime;
Such as your Eares with Love, and Honour feast,
And play at Crambo for three houres at least:
That Fight, and wooe in Verse in the same breath,
And make Similitudes, and Love in Death:
— But if you love a fool, he bid me say,
He has great choyce to shew you in his Play;
(To doe you service) I am one to day.
VWell Gallants, 'tis his first, Faith, let it goe,
Just as old Gamesters by young Bubbles do:
This first and smaller Stake let him but win,
And for a greater Summ you'll draw him in.
Or use our Poet, as you would a Hare,
VWhich when she's hunted down, for Sport you spare.
At length take up, and, damne no more for shame,
For if you onely at the Quarrey aime,
This Critick poaching, will destroy your Game.

Drammatis

DRAMMATIS PERSONÆ.

Stanford, — — — — — { A Morose Melancholy Man, tormented beyond Measure with the Impertinence of People, and resolved to leave the World to be quit of them.

Level, — — — — — { An Ayery young Gentleman, friend to *Stanford*, one that is pleased with, and laughs at the Impertinents, and that which is the others torment. is his recreation.

Sir Positive At-all, { A foolish Knight, that pretends to understand every thing in the world, and will suffer no man to understand any thing in his Company; so foolishly Positive, that he will never be convinced of an Error, though never so grosse —

Ninny, — — — — — { A conceited Poet, always troubling men with impertinent Discourses of Poetry, and the repetition of his own Verses; in all his Discourse he uses such affected Words, that 'tis as bad as the Canting of a Gyp-sie.

Woodcock — — — — — { A Familiar loving Coxcombe, that embraces and kisses all men: so used to his Familiar endearing expressions, that he cannot forbear them in the midst of his Anger.

Huffe, — — — — — { An impudent Cowardly Hector that torments *Stanford* with coming to borrow Money, and is beaten by him.

Roger, — — — — — *Stanford's Man,*

Father,

Father, ———— *To Emilia and Carolina;*

Country Gent. ———— { *A Grave ill-bred Coxcombe, that never*
speaks without a Proverb.

Tim. Scribble, ———— { *Two Justices Clerkes.*
Jacob Dash, ————

Emilia, ———— *Of the same Humour with Stanford.*

Carolina, ———— *Of the same Humour with Lovel.*

Lady Vaine, ———— { *A Whore, that takes upon her the name*
of a Lady, very talkative and impertinently
affected in her Language, alwayes pretend-
ing to Vertue and Honour.

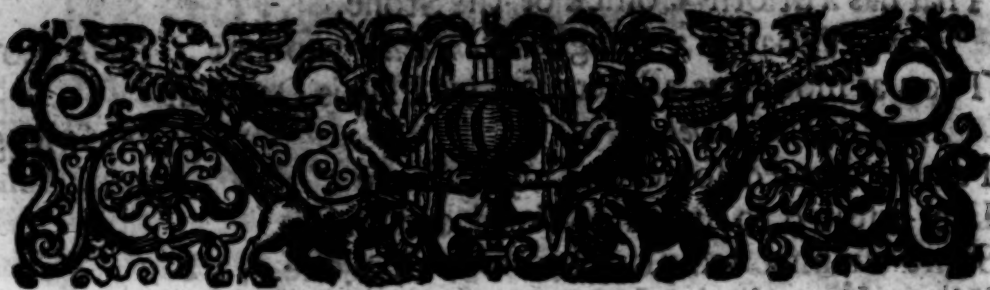
Luce, ———— *Emilia's Maid.*

Bridget, ———— *Lady Vaines Maid.*

Serjeant, with a File of *Musquetiers,*
VVaiters, Fidlers, &c.

The place of the SCENE
L O N D O N.

The Time,
In the Moneth of March, 1667.



THE
Sullen Lovers:
OR, THE
IMPERTINENTS.

ACT. I.

Enter Stanford and Roger his Man.

Stanf. **I**N what Unlucky Minute was I born,
To be tormented thus where e're I go?
What an Impertinent age is this we live in
When all the World is grown so troublesome,
That I shou'd envy him that spends his dayes
In some remote and unfrequented Place,
With none but Bears and Wolves for his Companions,
And never see's the folly of Mankind.

Rog. Good Sir be patient, let it not disturb you.

Stanford. Patient——

Thou may'st as well teach patience to a man

B

That

That has a fit oth' Collick or the Stone,

Lov. What in a fit agen *Stanford*? now art *(Enter Lovel.*
Thou as moody as a Poet after his Play is Damn'd.

Stanf. Oh *Lovel,* *(Exit Roger.*

I am tormented so beyond my patience
I am resolv'd to quit the World, and find
Some Uninhabited place far from Converse,
Where I may live as free as Nature made me.

Lov. Why this is down right Madnes,
Prethee send for a Chirurgeon and open a Veine,
Try what that will do, for thou wilt be as
Ripe for Bedlum else as a Fanaticke.

Stanf. What would you have me do?
Where e're I turn me I am baited still
By some importunate Foole's that use me Worse,
Then Boyes do Cocks upon Shrove-Tuesday;
This makes my life so tedious and unpleasant,
That rather then endure it longer I'll find out
Some place in the *West-Indies*, where I may
See a Man no oftner then a Blazing-Star.

Lov. Why thou wilt come to be bound in thy Bed *Stanford*:
'Thank Heav'n I find nothing makes me Weary of
My life, thou art scandalous; Why dost thou abuse
This Age so? me thinks, it's as pretty an Honest
Drinking-VVhoring Age as a man wou'd wish to
Live in.

Stanf. Sure, *Lovel*, thou wer't born without a Gaule,
Or bear'st thy anger like a Useless thing,
That can't endure to live among such Fooles,
As we are every Day Condemn'd to see.

Lov. VVhere's the trouble?

Stanf. Sure thou art Insensible, or thou woud'st not ask me,
I am more restless then the Man that has
A Raging Peavor on him; and like him,
I change my place, thinking to ease my self; But find
That which should lessen does increase my pain.

Lov. As how Sir?

Stanf. Could any man have borne but yesterdayes impertinence?

Lov. VVhat

Low. VVhat was that, for I have not seen you since.

Stanf. In the morning,
Coming aboard to find you out, (the onely Friend
VVith whom I can enjoy my self) comes in a brisk
Gay Coxcomb of the Town — O Lord, Sir, (sayes he)
I am glad I've taken you within, I came on purpose
To tell you the newes, d'ye hear it? then might I
Reasonably expect to hear of some great Intrigue or
Other; At the least that the Kings of *France* and *Spain*
VVere agreed — Then after he had bid me guesse
Four or five times, with a great deal of amazement
Sayes he: Jack-Scatterbrain comes in with ten Guinny's
Last night into the Groom-porters, and
Carry'd away 200, and then Teaz'd me
Half an Hour, to tell me all his Throwes.

Low. Now, shou'd I have been pleas'd with this.

Stanf. You make me Mad to hear you say so.

Low. If you are VVeary of one Company, why don't
You try another: and vary your Companions as often
As your Young-Gallants do their Mistresses, or
The VVell-bred-Ladies their Servants.

Stanf. VVhere e're I go I meet the same affliction: If I go
Into the City, there I find a Company of Fellowes
Selling of their Soules for Two-pence in the Shilling
Profit.

Lovell. You are too Satyricall. —

Stanf. Besides, I find the very fools I avoid at this
End of the Town, come thither, some to take
Up Money at Ten in the hundred, what with
Interest and Brokage, as they call it; others to take
Up Commodities upon Tick, which they sell at half
Value for ready Money, and these Inhumane Raskals
I'th very midst of all their business will fix upon
Me, and I am more Barbarously us'd by e'm, then a
New-Poet by a Knot of Critticks.

Low. So Sir! go on with your Relation.

Stanf. The other day, being tyr'd almost to death with the
Impertinence of Fopps that importun'd me;

The Sullen Lovers; Or,

For Variety, I ventur'd into a Coffee-house;
 There I found a Company of formal Starch'd-Fellows
 Talking Gravely, VVisely, and nothing to the purpose;
 And with undaunted Impudence discoursing of the
 Right of Empires; the Mannagement of Peace and VVar;
 And the great Intrigues of Councils; when o'my
 Conscience you wou'd have sooner took e'm for
 Tooth-Drawers then Privy-Counsellors.

Lov. But why don't you make this
 Pleasant to your self, and Laugh at e'm as I do?

Stanf. 'Faith Sir, I cannot find the Jest on't.

Lov. Yet methinks however this should not make me
 Uneasie to my self.

Stanf. Sure, *Lovell*, you have patience more then ever *Stoick*
 had; This damn'd Impertinence makes me resolv'd to fly my
 Country; I can never find one houres refreshment in a Year: If
 I go to the Theatre, where all People hope to please themselves;
 either I find an Insupportable Play; or If a good one, ill acted;
 or which is worse, so many troublesome Wits buzzing about my
 Eares, that I am driven from thence too.

Lov. If this torments you so, then change the Scene, and
 Go to Court, where Conversation is refin'd.

Stan. Why so I do, but there I find a company of gaudy nothings
 That feign would be Courtiers; that think they are
 Hardly dealt withall not to have Employment too:
 Besides, when after all my persecutions, I think
 To ease my self at night by sleep, as last night
 About eleven or twelve of Clock; at a solemn
 Funeral the Bells set out: That Men should be
 Such Owles to keep five thousand
 People awake, with Ringing a Peale to him that does not hear it.

Lov. But 'tis Generously done, especially since in my
 Conscience they expect no thanks for their Labour,
 Neither from their Dead Friend, nor any one else.

Stanf. A Curse upon e'm, this was no sooner past, but
 About two in the Morning comes the Bell-man,
 And in a dismal Tone repeats Worse Rhymes
 Then a Cast Poet of the Nursery can make; after

Him,

The Impertinents

Him, come those Rogues that wake People with their Barbarous tunes, and upon their Toting Instruments make a more Hellish-Noise then they Do at a Play-house, When they flourish for the Entrance of Witches.

Lov. All this disturbs not me: but if you are troubled VVith this Noise, VVhy don't you live in the Country, There you may be free.

Stanf. Free! Yes to be drunk with March-Beer, and Wine, worse then ever was serv'd in at Pye-corner at the eating of Pigs; and hear no other Discourse, but of Horses, Dogs, and Hawkes.

Lov. I wou'd not be of your uneasie disposition for The World: but granting all this: Cannot the Women of the Town please you? methinks The pretty Devils have Charmes enough to keep me In the VVorld still without the Danger of being Felo-de-se.

Stanf. VVomen! O! name, e'm not: They are impertinence It self, I can scarce endure the sight of e'm.

Lov. VVhy thou art stark-mad; faith for my part I Ne're met with any of the Sex that was kind and Pretty, but I cou'd bear with her Impertinence.

Stanf. It cannot be.

Lov. No! wou'd thoud'st try me: And bring Me to a New VVoman that's handsome; if I Bogg'd at her Impertinence, may I never have Other to help me at my Necessity, then an Oyster VVife, or one that cries Ends of Gold and Silver: Methinks Beauty and Impertinence do well enough Together.

Stanf. Sure you railly with me all this while, you cannot Be so stupid to think I have not reason in my Opinion, but nothing I have ever told you yet Has equall'd the persecution of this Day.

Lov. I know whom that concernes — prethee let me Hear't, that I may laugh a little at those Monkeys; The Variety of their folly alwayes Affords new matter.

Stanf. That

Stanf. That it does, to my sad experience; This morning, just as I was coming to look for you, Sir Positive At-all, that Fool, that will let no Man understand any thing in his Company, Arrests me with his Impertinence; sayes, he, with a great deal of Gravity, perhaps I am the Man of the World that have found out two Plays, that betwixt you and I have a great deal of Wit in e'm; Those are, the Silent Woman, and the Scornful Lady—— And if I understand any thing in the World, there's Wit enough, in both those, to make one good Play, if I had the management of e'm: for you must know, this is a thing I have thought upon and consider'd.

Lov. This is the pleasant'st thing I ever heard.

Stanf. May you have enough on't then if you think so: But this was not all, for notwithstanding I Granted his Opinion, he forc'd me to stay an Hour to hear his Impertinent Reasons for't; But no sooner, by some happy Accident or Other, had I got rid of him, but in comes That familiar Loving Puppy *Woodcock*, that admires Fooles for Wits, and Torments me with a damn'd Coranto, as he calls it, upon his Violin, which he us'd So Barbarously, I was ready to take it for a Bag-pipe.

Lov. This wou'd have made me broke my Spleen with Laughter.

Stanf. I must be stung with a Tarrantula, before I cou'd laugh at it: but here my persecution did not end; For after I had got loose from the other two, whom shou'd I see as I came along, but that infinite Coxcomb Poet *Ninny*: who by force of Arms hales me into his Lodging, and Reads me there a Confounded Scene in Heroick Verse: so that, what with Sir *Positive's* Orations, *Woodcocks* squeaking Fiddle, and Poet *Ninny's* Heroick Fustian, I have a greater VVind-mill in my brain then a New-Politician with his head full of Reformation, but as Fate wou'd have it, in came a Dunn, and out got I; and for fear of further Interruption, came back to my Lodging.

Roger. O Sir! here's Poet *Ninny*—— (Enter *Ninny*.)

Stan. I ha' but nam'd the Devil, and see I have mis'd him.

Ninn.

Ninn. Mr. *Lovel*, Your humble Servant.

Lov. Sweet Mr. *Ninny*, I am yours.

Ninn. But dear Mr. *Stanford*, I am infinitely troubled That that unmannerly Raskal shou'd come and disturb Us just now: but you know, Sir, we cannot help the Impertinence of foolish Idle Fellowes.

Stanf. No, no! you have convinc'd me sufficiently of that. *(aside.*
How the Devil could he follow me? I think the Raskal ha's as good a Nose as a Blood-Hound.

Ninn. I have a Coppy of heroick-Verses will fit him } *Lovel* and
I warrant you. } *Ninny* whisper.

Lov. Read e'm to him, he's a great Judge I can assure you.

Ninn. Sir, I am happy to meet with one that is so great A Judge of Poetry as you are; for it is a miserable Thing for an Author to expose his things to empty Giddy-fellowes: and let me tell you, between you and I, there are seven thousand Fooles to seven Wise Men.

Lovel. That so great a Truth should be spoken by one That I'll swear is none of the seven.

Stanf. Now do you judge *Lovel*: *(enter Woodcock*
'Slife, another Teazer here! *Woodcock*?

Wood. Dear *Ninny*, Ah dear *Lovel*: Ah my dear *Jack-Stan-*
ford, I am the happiest Man in thy Friendship of any *Kisses*
Man's upon Earth: Dear *Jack*, I have the greatest value } *them*
for thee in the World; 'prethee Kiss me agen dear Heart. } *all.*

Stanf. Now *Lovel*, Have I reason or not?

Lov. That you have to Laugh; This is my recreation.

Stanf. Well! if I do not leave the World within these three days;
May I be eternally baited by Sir *Positive*, *Ninny*, and *Wood-*
cock, which is a Curse worse then the worst of my Enemies
Wishes. *(aside.*

Wood. Hey! Art thou resolv'd to give over the World too.
Dear Heart; There's a Lady that came to Town
Yesterday that is of the same mind; she told me
So, but I hope she will not, for the truth on't is
Jack, I am in Love with her.

Ninny. Are you so? but I hope I shall catch her from you
for all that.

(aside.
Wood. She

wood. She says she's so troubled with Impertinent People, which between you and I *Fack*, are so numerous in this Town, that a Man cannot live in quiet for e'm, that she's resolv'd to leave the World to be quit of e'm.

Ninn. Yes, Faith she told me so last night as I was reading A Scene of my Play to her.

Stan. No doubt she had reason.

Wood. 'Tis your Acquaintance *Ned Lovel*, *Carolina's* Sister, *Emilia*.

Lovel. Now *Stanford* I'll oblige you, and bring you Acquainted with this Lady; Certainly her humour Will please you.

Stan. My Friend torment me too! Have I not impertinent Acquaintance enough already; but you must endeavour To trouble me with more.

Wood. VVell! that's an Excellent Coppy of Verses of thine; Dear *Ninny*. Come on *Fack*, Thou shalt hear e'm.

Stan. Hell and Damnation!

(Offers to go out.)

Ninn. Hold, hold; You shall hear Your sad indifference — (Look you Sir, 'tis upon a Lady, that is indifferent in her Carriage toward me) Your sad indifference — (I am confident this VVill please you, here are many thoughts I was happy in, And the Choice of VVords not-unpleasant, which you Know is the greatest matter of all) — Your sad indifference So wounds — (Look you, you shall find as much Soul and Force, and Spirit, and Flame in this, as ever you Saw in your Life.

Wood. Come *Fack* heart, it is a most admirable piece.

Stanf. Now, *Lovel*, What think you. (Lovel Laughs.) Gentlemen, I have Extraordinary business, I must leave you.

Wood. No, no, hold! Faith thou shalt stay and hear His Verses, they are as good as ever were read; Come *Ninny* —

Stan. O Devil! VVhat have I deserv'd to have this Inflicted upon me.

Ninn.

Ninn. } Your sad indifference so wounds my fair
Reads. } At once, I hope, and do at once despair.
 How do you like that, ha? —

You do at once both hate and kindness show;
 And are at once both Kind and Cruel two.

Wood. O! Very fine! Is't not *Ned*?

Lov. O! Extreame fine.

Stan. What the Devil makes you commend these fottish
 Verses, that are nothing but a lingling of Words?
 Let's go.

Ninn. Hold! hold! hold, hear the rest; hem —

Reads. } At once my hopes you nourish, and destroy

Agan. } My onely grief, and yet my onely Joy.

Mark that?

Stan. O Devil!

Ninn. } Vertue and Vice at once in you do shine;

Reads. } Your Inclinations are, and are not mine.

Wood. O Admirable! Didst ever hear any thing so
 Fine in thy life Dear Heart?

Stan. O how these Curs bait me?

Ninny } At once a storme and calme I do espy,

Reads } And do at once a smile and frown descry.

agen. } At once you kindle and put out my flame:

I cold, as Ice, as hot as Charcoal am.

Mark that Mr. *Stanford*, I was very happy in that
 Thought, as I hope to breath.

Wood. Upon my Word, *Fack*, that's a great flight of his.

Rog. Sir, methinks there's as pretty a Soul in't, as a Man shall
 see in a Summers' Day.

Stan. What am I condemn'd to?

Lov. Why do you torment your self thus, methinks nothing
 can be pleasanter.

Stan. Gentlemen, detain me not, I'll stay no longer.

Ninn. Dear Mr. *Stanford*, I ha' just done, if you have any re-
 spect in the World for me, stay and hear the end on't.

Wood. Nay, 'Faith *Fack* thou shalt stay.

Stanf. What's this I endure?

Ninny } My Fate at once is gentle and severe,

Reads. } You will not show your hate, nor Love declare:

C

Such

The Sullen Lovers; Or,

Such safety and such dangers in your eye,
That I resolve at once to live and die.

There's, Body and Soul, in that Couplet.

Low. Hey, riddle me riddle me this, but this is the
Fashionable way of writing.

Ninn. What say you, Sir? Are they not well? You are a great
Judge.

Stan. Pray Sir let me go, I am no Judge at all, let me go,
I will not stay.

Sir Positive, here! I had rather (Enter *Sir Positive*.
Goe against an Insurrection of 'Prentices, then
Encounter him.

Sir Posit. Ah Dear *Fack*! Have I found thee? I would not
but have seen you for twenty pound: I have made this morning a
glorious Corrant, an immortal Corrant, a Corrant with a Soul in't;
I'll defy all Europe to make such another: You may talk of your
Baptists, your Locks, and your Banisters; let me see e'm Mend
this: Why here's at least 25 Notes Compass, Fa la, la, &c. You
shall hear.

Wood. Come, *Sir Positive*, lets hear't.

Sir Posit. With all my heart: Fa, la, la.

Stanf. Oh Heaven! *Sir Positive*, though I love Musick,
Yet at present I must tell you,
I am out of Tune.

Ninn. Out of Tune, Ha, ha, ha, — Now have you said the
Best thing in the World, and do not know it.

Stan. *Sir Positive*, I must take my leave of you, I must not lose
my Business for a little Musick.

Sir Posit. Hold, now you talk of Musick! —

Stan. 'Slife, Sir, I talk of my Business.

Sir Posit. But for Musick, if any Man in England gives you
a better account of that then I do, I will give all mankind leave
to spit upon me: You must know it's a thing I have thought up-
on and consider'd, and made it my business from my Cradle; be-
sides, I am so naturally a Musitian, that *Gamus, A re, Bem!*,
were the first words I would learn to speak: Do you like *Bap-
tist's* way of Composing?

Low. No doubt, Sir, he's a great Master.

Wood. As

The Impertinents.

11

Wood. As ever was born, take that from me.

Sir Posit. Upon my Word, *Stanford*, I will make all my Tunes like his — You shall hear his Vein in this Corrant now.

Stan. One trouble upon the neck of another — When I shall be deliver'd from these Fooles ?

Sir Posit. Do but ask *Ninny* there ?

Ninn. Yes doubtless, *Sir Positive* has a great Soul of Musick in him ; he has great power In Corranto's and Jiggs, and composes all the Musick to my Playes he ha's great power.

Wood. As any man that ever was born, Dear Heart.

Sir Posit. Come, you shall hear't —

Stan. Sir, I beg your pardon ; I'll hear it some other time.

Sir Posit. Pish, pish, Upon my Honour thou shalt stay, And hear it now.

Lov. Come, Dear *Sir Positive*, Make us happy.

Sir Posit. Observe ! here's Flame in this Corrant--- Fa, la, la, There's a delicate Note in B. Fa Bemis in Alt, And observe now how it falls down to C. Sol. Fa. Ut. Fa, la, la — There's Mastery for you.

Stan. I do not like that part of your Corrant.

Sir Posit. It is a prodigious thing, thou shou'dst ever be in my Company, and understand Musick no better ; thou hast found fault with the best part of the Corrant, ask *Woodcock* else ?

Wood. By the Lord *Harry*, there is a great deal of Glory in that part of the Corrant. (Fa, la, &c.

Sir Posit. Observe here how cunningly it falls out of the Key, And now at last it ends quite out of the Key.

Stan. Well, well ! it's an Excellent Corrant ; What the Devil Will you have more ? — Fare you well.

Sir Posit. No, no ; Stay but one Minute and you shall hear it All together. *Ninny*, Do you bear Time —

Wood. Well thought on, do, and I'll Dance To't Dear Hearts.

Stan. Now, *Level*, What think you, this Torture's worse then any the *Dutch* invented at *Amboyna*.

Sir Posit. Here's a Corrant for you, ha! *Stanford*, What think'st of this ?

Wood. Think quoth a', I think I danc'd it as well

Sir Positive sings,
Ninny beats, False
Time & Woodcock
Dances to't.

The Sullen Lovers; Or,

As any Man in *England*, *Bully-Rock*.

Lov. Certainly, Sir *Positive*, he Dances very finely.

Sir Posit. As any man that ever was born upon two Leggs: I defie any Man in the World that out-does him; For betwixt you and I, I taught him every step he has.

Rog. Upon my Word, *Woodcock*, you have as much power In Dancing, as any Man in *England*.

Wood. Dear Heart let me Kiss thee; Gad thou art a great Judge---Here, drink my Health.

Rog. Ah! Dear Flattery, How convenient a sin art thou? (aside.)

Ninn. Come, Mr. *Woodcock*, you shall go to the reading of my Play.

Wood. Ay! Come on, *Bully-Rock* — (Ex. *Nin.* and *Wood*.)

Lov. Come, I'll take pity on you, *Stanford*, and go before; and prepare some place or other, where we may enjoy our selves, and you be free. I'll take your Man along with me, and send him back agen in haste for you; by that means you may get loose. — —

Stan. For Heavens sake make hast, you'll oblige me for ever. (Exit Lovel and Roger.)

Sir Positive! I am sorry I must leave you now; I must go speak with a Gentleman that came From *Flanders* last night.

Sir Posit. *Flanders!* If any Man gives you that account of *Flanders* that I do, I'll suffer Death; You must know I have thought of their Affairs, I have consider'd the thing thoroughly, never speak on't more, name it no more, let it not enter into your Thoughts; 'tis a lost Nation, absolutely undone, lost for ever, take that from me: and yet were I with *Castel Rodrigo* but one quarter of an hour, I'de put him in a way to save all yet.

Stan. This is beyond all sufferance. — *Sir Positive*, I am So much in haste, that none but your self shou'd Have staid me of all Mankind.

Sir Posit. Mankind! Dost thou know what thou say'st now? Dost thou talk of Mankind? I am confident thou never so much as thought'st of Mankind in thy life: I'll tell thee, I will give Dogs leave to piss upon me, if any man understands mankind

Mankind better then my self, now you talk of that. I have consider'd all Mankind, I have thought upon nothing else but Mankind this Moneth; and I find you may be a Poet, a Musitian, a Painter, a Divine, a Mathematician, a States-man; but betwixt you and I, let me tell you, we are all Mortal.

Stanf. Well, they may talk of the Pox, want of Money, and a Scoulding Wife, but, they are Heaven to my afflictions.

Enter Bridget.

Bridg. *Sir Positive*, my Lady *Vaine* desires you wou'd come And look upon her Picture that's come this Morning from Master *Lilly's*.

Sir Pos. Why there 'tis now *Stanford*, that people shou'd have no more Judgement, she had as good have thrown her Money into the Dirt; 'tis true, I cou'd have made him have made a good picture on't, if I had drawn the Lines for him, but I was not thought worthy, and now you talk of Painting, either I am the greatest Fopp in Nature, or if I do not understand that, I understand nothing in the World: why I will paint with *Lilly*, and draw in little with *Cooper* for 5000 l.

Stanf. O! intollerable Impertinence! I am affraid he will not go now his Mistress sends for him.

Sir Pos. Dear *Stanford*! I must beg thy Excuse——

Stanf. A Curse on him, that's easily granted. *aside.*

Sir Pos. Come Mistress *Bridget* I'll go along with you, — Dear *Stanford* take it not unkindly, for I wou'd not leave thee but upon this occasion.

Stanf. A thousand Thanks to the occasion. *aside.*

Sir Pos. But you know a man must not disoblige his Mistress *Fask?*

Stanf. Oh no, by no means.

Sir Pos. Adieu. ——— *Ex. Sir Pos, and Bridget.*

Stanf. So! this Trouble is over.

O Fate! how little care you took of me,
By these Misfortunes I too plainly see.

Ex.

A C T. II.

Enter Carolina, Lovell.

Carol. **I** Long to bring 'em together, they will be well Match'd; but we must stay awhile, for she ha's been so teaz'd this morning, she ha's lock'd her self up in her Chamber.

Lov. *Stanford* was ready to fall out with me, when I nam'd a new acquaintance to him, and will not be perswaded there is such a Creature as a Woman:
That is not Impertinent.

Car. *Emilia* is as Cautious as he can be, and wou'd be ready To swoond at the sight of a new face, for she will not believe but all mankind are Coxcombs: for Heav'n's sake *Lovell* let's surprize them into one anothers Company, we shall have admirable sport.

Lov. Wee'l do't; but Madam, why shou'd we mind their bus'ness that have enough of our own: what if you and I shou'd play the fools once in our Lives, and enter into the bonds of Wedlock together.

Car. Fy, fy, tis such a Constant condition of life, that a Woman had as good be profess'd in a Nunnery, for she can no sooner get out of one then t'other.

Lov. But with your pardon, Madam, this is somewhat The pleasanter Condition of the Two.

Car. That's according as they use both Conditions, but Pray Master *Lovell* bring not this villanous Matrimony Into dispute any more, lest that may make us desire It, I have known some men by maintaining a Heresie in Jest become of that opinion in good Earnest. But do you know that my Lady *Vaine* was here this Morning?

Lov. No Madam; but what of that?

Car. She told me that of you will make your Ears tingle.

Lov. Of

Lov. Of me, Madam, what was't?

Car. She says you are the most inconstant man, the most perfidious Wretch that e're had breath, and bid me fly you as I wou'd infection.

Lov. What the Devil did she mean by that?

Car. Come, let me know what's betwixt you, or I'll Rack you but I'll know it.

Lov. This Jealousie makes me believe you love me. That she should be prating her self, *aside.*
How many Women would be thought honest, if They could hold their own Tongues.

Car. I am like to have a fine servant of you: but a Lady wou'd have a fine time on't that were to marry you, to stake all the treasures of her Youth and Virginity, which have been preserv'd with so much Care, and Heav'n knows some trouble too against nothing.

Lov. Faith Madam, I have e'en as much as I had before, but if you'll be kind, I'll take that Care off your hands, and soon rid you of that trouble.

Car. No, no, go to my Lady *Vaine*, give her your Heart poor Lady she wants it too but for me, I can keep my affliction to myself.

Lov. Dear *Carolina*! name her no more, if you do, I will get drunk immediately. And then I shall have Courage enough to fall aboard her.

Car. Lord! what a loss shall I have: Heav'n send me patience, or I shall ne're out-live it, to loose so proper a Gentleman, but why should I think to rob her of her due, no, no, now I think on't to her again, go, go.

Lov. For Heav'n's sake *Carolina* do not Tyrannize thus, why I had rather be kept waking at an ill Play then endure her Company.

Car. Thus are we poor Women despis'd when we give away our Hearts to ungrateful men, but Heav'n will punish you.

Lov. Dear *Carolina*, let's leave fooling, and be in down-right Earnest.

Car. I hope, Sir, your Intentions are honourable.

Lov. Madam, why should you once doubt it?

My Love to you is as pure as the flame that burns upon an Altar:
You are too unjust if you suspect my honour.

Car. Now will you leave fooling; on my Conscience
He is in Earnest.

Lov. As much as the severest Anchorite can be at his Devotions.

Car. O! are you so, 'tis a hard Case, but pray you, Sir, leave off, I had rather hear a silenc'd Parson preach sedition than you talk seriously of Love, wou'd you cou'd see how it becomes you; why you look more Comically then an old fashion'd fellow singing of *Robin Hood* or *Chevy Chase*.

My Love to you's as pure as the flame that burns upon an Altar! how scurvily it sounds.

Lov. You are the Cruellest Tyrant alive: Let us be serious a little, I have rallied my self into a passion will ruine me else.

Car. Come, in what posture must I stand to hear you talk formally.

Lov. On my Conscience 'tis easier to fix quick-silver than your humour, Madam, but if you wou'd enter into Wedlock I can assure you that will bring you to gravity.

Car. Let me but once more hear you name Marriage, and I protest I'll send for my Lady *Vaine* to you. I tell you again I will not marry. I love your Conversation, and your humour of all things in the World.

But for Marriage 'tis good for nothing, but to make Friends fall out.

Lov. Nay, faith if you be at that I can do you the same Civility without that Ceremony, as you say it is a kind of formal Thing.

Car. No! I shall take Example by my Lady *Vaine*, poor Lady, she little thought to be unkindly us'd, I warrant you.

Lov. Again that name.

Car. Besides, if we were Marry'd you might say; faith *Carolina* is a pretty Woman, and has humour good enough, but a pox on't she's my wife; no, no, I'll have none of that.

Lov. Do you still distrust my Honour, 'tis unkindly done, but ———

Car. Hold, hold, her door opens, step you in there, and you may hear how she entertains the motion.

Enter

Enter Emilia with a Book in her hand.

Emil. The Wisdom of this *Charles* the fifth was Wonderful ;
Who 'midst of all his Triumphs and his Greatness,
When he had done what glory had oblig'd him to,
Seeing the Vanity of Mankind did quit
The pleasures that attend a Monarchs state ;
Nay more, that most bewitching thing call'd power,
And left the World to live an humble life,
Free from the Importunity of Fools, was't not
Wisely done Sister ?

Car. Yes, no doubt on't, as wisely done to go to a Monastery to shun fools, as to keep Company with Usurers and Brokers to avoid Knaves.

Emil. Thou art a Foolish Girl, I am tormented With The Impertinence of both Sexes so, I am resolv'd I'll not stay one Week out of a Nunnery.

Car. O' my Conscience thou art stark out of thy Wits with reading of *Burton's Melancholly* ; To a Nunnery to avoyd Impertinence ? where canst thou think to meet with more then there ?

Emil. Now you are too Cenforious ;

Car. You shou'd like me the better.
But you must needs find relief there ? Doe you Think any Women that have sence, or Warmth Of blood, as we have, wou'd go into a Nunnery ?

Emil. If I shou'd meet with Fops there too, I should be irreparably lost : Oh Heaven ! what Shall I do to ease my self ? rather then Indure the persecution of those fools that haunt Us here. I will go where neither Man nor Woman ever came.

Low. O Rare ! *Stanford*, here's just thy Counterpart (*Within.* To a hair.

Car. Since thou art resolv'd to sequester thy self from Company, I'll buy thee a Cage and hang thee up by the Parrot over

D

the

the way, and thou shalt converse with none but him: I hope he's not Impertinent too.

Emil. Must you torment me too? fy Sister.

What would you have me do? my Patience

Is not great enough to endure longer, to see

The folly of this age; Do you judge, after I had been

Sufficiently worry'd by the Lady *Vaine* this Morning,

Whom I was forc'd to get rid of, by Telling her, her

Lover my Cozen *Positive* was at her lodging, which

You know is as far as the Pall-mall.

Car. That *Vertuosa*, as she calls her self, is the pleasantest Creature I ever saw: but prethee Sister, let me hear none of your fantastick Stories, methinks you are as Impertinent as any body.

Emil. It distracts me to see this folly in things that are intended for reasonable Creatures.

Lov. O *Stanford*! If this Lady does not match thee the devils in't.

Car. These Fools you talk of afford me so much recreation, That I do not know how I should laugh without 'em.

Emil. Thou hast no sense, they make me weary of the World! Heav'n! what shall I do?

Car. I tell you: *Stanford* hearing of your humour, and Admiring it ha's a great desire to see you, before you resolve to leave the world, try how he will please you.

Emil. What a ridiculous thing it is of you to wish me to new Acquaintance, when I am leaving the old: I am sure He's Impertinent, for all mankind I have met are so.

Car. Hift *Lovell*!

Lov. Your humble Servant Lady's. — (comes out.)

Emil. Is this he? then farewell.

Lov. Madam! pray stay, and give me the honour of one word with you.

Emil. I knew what he was: my Lady *Vaine* here?

Enter Lady Vaine and Bridget.

La. Vaine. Master *Lovell*! your most humble servant.

Lov. Your

Lov. Your Ladships humble servant, how I hate the sight of her in presence of my Mistress.

Car. Lovell! for shame be civil to your Mistress: Let's hear you make Love a little.

La. Vain. Madam upon my Reputation there was no such thing, Sir *Positive* was never there, sure some Dirty fellow or other brought a false Message on purpose to rob me of the pleasure of your Ladships sweet Company: would he were hang'd for his pains, the passion he has put me in, has put me out of Breath.

Lov. Lord! how soon she's put in and put out!

La. Vain. But, Madam, as soon as ever I found he was not there I made all possible haste to wait upon you again, for fear your Ladship shou'd resent my too abrupt departure.

Emil. O Heav'ns! take pity of my afflictions, Madam —

La. Vain. But the truth on't is I design'd to spend this day with you, since I can be no where so well satisf'd as with your Ladships Converse, a person who is Mistress of so much virtue and honour, which are Treasures I value above the World.

Emil. Why, Madam —

La. Vain. For the truth is so few Ladies have either, that they are things to be valu'd for their rarity.

Emil. Oh Impertinence! whither will this Eternal tongue of hers carry her.

Lov. This is very pleasant for her to name Vertue and Honour In my Company. *(aside.)*

Emil. Madam! for Heav'ns sake —

La. Vain. For the truth on't is, Madam, a Lady without Vertue and Honour is altogether as detestable as a Gentleman without Wit or Courage.

Emil. Madam! I am sorry I cannot wait on you longer, I am engag'd to dine abroad.

La. Vain. Where is't Madam, for I am resolv'd to go along with you.

Emil. Why, Madam, you do not know the persons.

La. Vain. That's all one for that, let me alone to make my Apology.

Emilia. This is beyond all suffrance!

Caro. I hope she will not leave her off so.

Lovel. No: if she does, I am mistaken.

La Vain. Come, Madam; Lets go.

Emilia. But Madam, I must call at the Exchange first,
To buy some trifles there.

La Vain. O Madam! He bring you to my *Milliner*, that
Calls himself the *Italian Milliner*, or the Little
Exchange; he's better provided then any one
In the Exchange.

Emilia. I am on the sudden taken ill, and must retire;

La Vain. Madam, d'ye think, I that am a *Virtuosa* understand
no better, then to leave you now you are not well; What's your
Distemper? no Woman in *England* was more serviceable among
her Neighbours then I with my *Flos Unguentorum*, *Paracelsian*
and *Green-salve*.

Lovel. And your *Album Gracum* I warrant you.

La Vain. That *Album Gracum* was a Salve of my Invention:
But *a propos*, perhaps it may be a fit of the Mother,
If it be, we must burn some *Blew-Inckle*, and *Partridge*
Feathers under your Nose; or she must smell to *Afra fetida*,
And have some Cold Water with a little Flower to drink:

Ay, ay, 'twill be so; pray Mr. *Lovel* come and help to hold her.

Emilia. No, no, Madam; there's no such thing I'll assure you:
I must beg leave to go to my Chamber.

La Vain. Come, Madam, I'll conduct you, and be as careful of you
As if you were my Sister a thousand times.

Emilia. Madam! with your pardon, I desire to be alone, and
Try to rest.

La Vain. Alone! by no means in the World, Madam, it may
Be very dangerous; I would not for all the World
Madam, you shou'd be alone; Suppose you shou'd
Fall into a Fit alone, I can speak it by Experience;
Tis Dangerous for a Lady to fall into a Fit without
An Able Body by her. Come, Madam, I'll conduct you in.

Emilia. How shall I get rid of her? (*Ex. La. Vaine and Emilia.*)

Lovel. Let's in and see when the Fury of this *Dol Coman* will
be at an End.

Carol. Come.

Carol. Come, come, we shall have the pleasure of seeing my Sister Worry'd almost to Death. (*Exit Lovel and Carolina.*)

Enter Stanford.

Stan. I wonder my Man returns not yet.
I thought to have found Mr. *Lovel* here, but
Here's one will do my business.

(*Enter Huffle.*)

Huffe. Oh Mr. *Stanford*! Have I found you?

Stanf. Oh Heaven's! Will my punishment never end?

Huffe. I am the most unfortunate Man that ever was born.

Stanf. Why do you trouble me with this? Am I the Cause on't?

Huffe. No! but I'll tell you, upon my Reputation, I have been Nick't out of twenty pound Just now at *Spiering's*, and lost seven to four, for my last Stake.

Stan. What the Devill's this to me? let me go.

Huffe. But, Sir, I'll tell you a thing that very nearly concerns you.

Stanf. Some other time; 'Slife do not disturb me now.

Huffe. For Heaven's sake hear me, you'll repent it else.

Stanf. Make haste then, keep me in pain no longer.

Huffe. Why, I have found out the finest plump fresh Girl, newly come out of the Country.

Stanf. Hell and Damnation! Why do you trouble me with such trifles.

Huffe. Trifles, Does he call 'em? Well! I see this won't do:

(*Aside.*)

But, Sir, I'll tell you somewhat concerns you more

Nearly; Sir, it concerns your Honour.

Stan. My Honour! Why, who dares call it in question?

Huffe. Not so, Sir; but, Do you love Generosity and Honour?

Stanf. Why do you ask the question?

Huffe. Why then I'll put you in a way to do a very Generous And Honourable thing.

Stanf. What do you mean by this Impertinence?

Huffe. If you will relieve an Honest Gentleman in distress, Lend me two Pieces, you shall have e'm agen within

Four.

12 *The Sullen Lovers; Or,*

Four and twenty houres, or may I perish.

Stan. 'Pox on you for an Owl: There; take e'm; I would I cou'd get rid of all my Impertinents at as cheap A rate.

Huffe. I give you a thousand thanks.

Stan. 'Slife! trouble me no more, be gone!

Huffe. Sir, It were a very ungrateful thing not to Acknowledge the favour.

Stanf. Away, away, and let your gratitude alone.

Huffe. D'hear, Mr. *Stanford*! upon mine honor I'll *Huffe offers to go*
Return e'm to morrow night without fail. *Exit, and returns*

Stan. Curse on you for a Rascal *(Ex. Huffe.)*
So, here's one trouble over!

Well! What's the News? *(Enter Roger.)*

Rog. Do you earnestly desire to know, Sir?

Stan. Must I have Impertinence in my own Family too?

Roger. O! I am so out of breath, I am not able to speak one word; but if I had never so much breath, I cou'd tell you nothing but what you'd be glad to hear: If I had the winde of an *Irish* Foot-man, nay, of a Non-conforming Parson—— or.

Stan. Or, with a Pox to you, one Similitude more, and I'll Break that Fooles head of yours.

Roger. VVell, Sir, since you are in haste, I'll be brief as a Fidler, after he's paid for scraping, for I love to be so in Cases of this Importance, for I have heard——

Stan. Out you Dog, a Sentence after your Similitude; You are as impertinent as a Country Witness.

Roger. I have done, Sir, and now I'll tell you in one VVord: Hold Sir! here's a Spider in your Perriwigg.

Stanf. Death, you Rascal! I'll ram it down your Throat.

Roger. Be patient, Sir: *Seneca* advises to moderate our passions.

Stanf. Hang ye' Rascal! *Seneca* is an Ass in your mouth. Tell me quickly, Or——

Roger. Why, Sir, you are so impatient you will not hear me?

Stanf. 'Faith but I will speak.

Roger. Not to boast of my diligence, which, though I say it, is as much——

Stanf. You

Stanf. You Dogg tell me quickly, or I'll cut your Eares off.

Roger. Why Mr. *Lovel*, wou'd have you come to him; What wou'd you have?

Stanf. If I were not in haste, Sirrah; I'd teach you to know your Man, and who you may put your Tricks on, you impudent Raskal.

Rog. Death! That I shou'd find impertinence in others, and not see it in my self.

Wood. Dear *Fack*, thy humble Servant: How do'st doe? My Footman told me, he saw thy Man come in here, which made me believe I shou'd find thee here; and I had not power to stay from thee, my Dear Bully-Rock, for I can enjoy my self no where so well as in thy Company: Let me kiss thee Dear Heart; 'Gad I had rather kiss thee than any Woman.

Stan. This is beyond all Example: Oh horrid! his kindness is a greater persecution then the Injuries of others.

Wood. I'll tell thee, Dear Heart, I love thee with all my heart: thou art a man of Sence, Dear Rogue, I am infinitely happy in thy Friendship; for I meet with so many impertinent silly Fellows every day, that a man cannot live in quiet for e'm: Dear Heart. For between you and I, this Town is more pester'd with idle Fellows, that thrust themselves into Company, then the Country is with Attorney's; Is it not *Fack*? *(Exit Roger.)*

Stan. Yes! I have too much reason to believe you, a Curse on you. — *(Aside.)*

Wood. Ay, Did not I tell you so, *Fack*! ha? but this is not my business: Dear Rascal Kiss me, I have a secret to impart to thee, but if it take the least Ayre, I am undone: I have a project in my head shall raise me 20000 l. I know you will promise secrecy, dear heart.

Stan. Don't trouble me with it.

Wood. No, it concerns thee Man: why, thou shalt go halves with me, Dear Heart.

Stan. For Heaven's sake, Sir, don't trust it with me, I have a faculty of telling all I know: I cannot help it.

Wood. Oh! Dear Bully-Rock, that Wheadle won't pass. Don't

Don't I know thou art a Man of Honour; and besides, so reserv'd, that thou wilt scarce tell a secret to thy Friend.

Stan. Sir, I am unhappy in your good opinion, this is beyond all suffrance.

Wood. No, Faith, Dear *Fack*, thou deserv'st it; but my project is this, d'ye see.

Stanf. Well! I am so tormented with Impertinent Fellowes, that I see there is no remedy.

Wood. As I hope to Live, *Fack*, I am of thy Opinion: the truth on't is, 'tis intollerable, for a man can never be free from these Fooles in this Town; I like thy resolution so well, that I am a Son of a Whore if I don't go along with thee! Ah how we shall enjoy our selves when we are both together, how we shall despise the rest of the World: Dear Heart. *(Enter Roger.)*

Roger. O, Mr. *Woodcock*! Poet *Ninny* is gone to the *Rose* Taverne, and bid me tell you, he has extraordinary business with you, and begs you wou'd make all possible hast to him.

Wood. O Dear Rascal, kiss me! thou art the honestest Fellow in the World: Dear *Fack*, I must beg thy pardon for a few minutes, but I hope thou'lt not take it ill; why 'tis about business Dear Heart, you know we must not neglect that.

Stan. O no Sir, by no meanes.

Wood. Nay, Dear Rogue, be not angry, prethee kiss me; as I hope to live, I'll return immediately, Dear *Fack*, thy humble Servant ——— *(Exit Woodcock.)*

Stan. This is a lucky Accident.

Roger. Sir, I was fain to sin a little for you, and get rid of him by this lie.

Stan. Well! this shall excuse all your former Errors, 'Ile away, for fear some other fooles shou'd find me out. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE

The Impertinents.

25

Enter Emilia, La Vaine (following her up and down) after them, Carolina, Lovel.

Carol. Does she not Tease her bravely *Lovel?*

Lov. Admirably! Oh that *Stanford* were here! if't were for nothing but to see a fellow sufferer.

La. Vain. Then Madam, will your Ladyship be pleas'd to let me wait on you to a Play, there are two admirable Playes at both Houses; and let me tell you, Madam, Sir *Positum*, that understands those things as well as any man in *England*, sayes, I am a great Judge.

Emili. Madam, I beseech you ask me no more questions; I tell you, I had as live stand among the rabble, to see a Jack-pudding eate a Custard, as trouble my self to see a Play.

La. Vain. O By Madam! a young Lady and hate Playes, why I'll tell you, Madam, at one House there is a huge Two handed Devil, and as brave a Fat Fryer as one would wish to see in a Summers-Day; and a delicate Machin, as they call it, where one sits and sings as fine a Song: And then at t'other house there's a rare Play, with a Jigg in't; would do your heart good to see it; but, if there were nothing else in't, you might have your four Shillings out in Thunder and Lightning; and let me tell you, 'tis as well worth it as one Penny's worth another.

Emil. What have I done?

Stanf. Am I trapan'd into Womens Company? *Offers to go*

Lov. Hold, hold, hold, Madam, here's Mr. *Stanford* out, *Lov.* desires to kiss your hands. *lays hold*

Emil. I am in that disorder that never Woman was, *of him.*

La. Vain. O Mr. *Lovel!* she's falling into a fit of an Epilepsy: help all to hold her, lend me a Knife to cut her Lace.

Stan. This is worse then all the rest.

Lovel to Let me speak with you in the next Room in pri-

La. Vain. Svate.

La. Vain. Sir, your most obedient servant: I shall be glad of any occasion to retire with one, for whom I have so great an affection.

Emil. Now

E

Lov.

Caro. *to* For Heaven's sake follow me, or I shall be in an ill condition.

Caro. I find you are an Errant Hypocrite, but I'll take you at your word for once. (*Ex. Lov. La. Vain. and Carolina.*)

Emil. I am the greatest object of pity (Stanford and Emilia that was ever seen: I am never free from walk up and down, these Importunate Fooles. and take little notice

Stan. I am not less afflicted, and have as of one another. much need of pity too.

Emil. I find no possibility of relief; but by leaving the World that is so full of folly.

Stan. Who would live in an age, when Fooles are Reverenc'd, and Impudence Esteem'd.

Emil. To see a Fellow but the other day content with humble Linsey Woolsey, now have variety of Vests, Perriwiggs and Lac'd Linnen.

Stan. One, that but the other day, could eat but one meal a day, and that at a three-penny Ordinary; now struts in State, and talks of nothing but Shattellin's and Lefronds.

Emil. In so corrupt an Age, when all mankind flatter the greatest, and oppress the least; when to be just is to be out of fashion, and to betray a friend is lawful Cunning.

Stanf. This is pleasant for her to speak against these (*Aside.* things, as if she were not as bad as any one: Who would live in such a treach'rous Age, to see this Gentleman that Courts the t'other Gentleman's Wife, meet him and embrace him; and swear he loves him above the VWorld: and he poor fool dotes extreamly upon him that does the Injury.

Emil. Now has this Fellow a design to have me think (*Aside.* him VVise: but wisdom and honesty are fool'd out of Countenance.

Stan. Now the illiterate fool despises Learning.

Emil. Nay, among the learn'd themselves, we find many that are great Schollers by Art, are most abominable Fooles by Nature.

Stan. This shall not perswade me to believe she is not Imperinent. (*Aside.*

Emil. Now

Emil. Now the qualifications of a fine Gentleman are to Eat A-la-mode, drink Champagne, Dance Jiggs, and play at Tennis.

Stanf. To love Dogs, Horses, Hawkes, Dice and Wenches, scorne Wir, break Windows, beat a Constable, ly with his Sempstresses, and undoe his Taylor, it distracts me to think on't.

Emil. Now does he desire to be taken for a discreet fellow, but this will not do. *(Aside.)*

Stan. What relief can I expect in this age, when men take as much paines to make themselves fooles, as others have done to get wisdom.

Emil. Nay folly is become as natural to all mankind as lust.

Stan. VVhat shall I do? Whither shall I turne me to avoid these Fooles.

Lov. Now let's slip e'm.

Caro. We shall have a very faire Course. *Enter La. Vaine;*

Emi. O Heaven's! Are they here? *Ninny, Lovell*

Stan. What will become of me? *and Carolina*

Ninny to O Madam, I'll tell you, *Stanford* pray hear once.

Emilia. 'Tis such a thing as never was in the World.

La. Vain. Ay, pray Sir hear him, he's as pretty a Wit as any man in this Town, except Sir *Positive* I assure you.

Stan. What are we condemn'd to?

Emil. To a worse condition then Gally-slaves.

Ninny. I was with my Bookseller, Madam, with that Heroick Poem, which I presented to your Ladyship, as an earnest of the honour I have for you; But by the way, he's an ignorant ingrateful Fellow, for betwixt you and I he has got some hundreds of pounds by some Plays and Poems of mine which he has Printed. And let me tell you, some under the Names of *Beaumont*, and *Fletcher*, and *Ben. Johnson* too: but what do you think, Madam I asked the Son of a Whore for this Poem?

Emil. O Insufferable!

Ninn. What think you *Stanford*?

(Lays hold of him.)

Stan. Let me go; I have no Judgment in these things.

Ninn. But I'll you, There are not above 10, or 12000 Lines

in all the Poem: and as I hope to be sav'd, I ask'd him but twelve pence a line one line with another.

La. Vain. And really, Sir, that's as reasonable as he can possibly afford e'm, take that from me?

Stan. O Devil? this is worse then a *sheernes* Ague: that will give a Man some respite between the Fits.

Ninn. By my Soul, Madam, if he had been my Brother I would not have abated him one penny; for you must know, there are many hundreds of Lines, that in their Intinfect value, are worth ten shillings a Line between Father and Son; and the greatest part of e'm are worth five shillings a line: but before *George* very few or none but are worth three shillings a line to the veriest *Pen* in Christendome; they have that salt, thought, imagination, power, spirit, soul, and flame in e'm — ha!

Emil. What does this concern me?

Ninn. No, but I'll tell you, *Stanford*, prethee hear, as I hope for mercy this Impudent Rogue told me, he would not give me two shillings for the whole Poem; an ignorant Puppy, a fellow of all the World I design'd to make, for he might have sold these Books for three shillings apiece, and I would have help'd off with 10000 of e'm, to ten thousand of my particular intimate Friends; besides, every one that had but heard of my name, which are almost all the Kings Subjects, would have bought some; so that I should not have got above six or seven hundred pound, and in a fortnights time have made this fellow an Alderman: That such ignorant Rascalls should be Judges of Wit or Sence.

La. Vain. VVell Sir, we shall never have good VVorld unless the State Reforms these abuses.

Ninn. 'Tis very true, Madam, for this is a thing is of Consequence to the whole Nation, *Stanford*.

Stan. VVhat the Devil would you have? Am I the cause of this?

Stan. No! Heav'n forbid I should say so: but Madam, I had forgot another Advantage he had had by this.

Emil. Heav'n defend me! this puts me beyond all patience.

Ninn. I'll tell you, *Stanford*, prethee mind me a little.

Stan. Oh now I am undone, ruin'd for ever, Sir *Positive*'s here.

Emili. O intollerable!

(Enter Sir Positive.

Sir *Posit.* I

Sir Pos. I heard your Ladiship was here and came to kiss to *La. Vain* your hand.

Oh *Stanford*, art thou here? well, how dost *Cozin*? I am glad I have found you all together, I came to Present my Lady *Vaine* with a musique I have made Which has that Invention in't, I say no more but I have been this Moneth of making it, And you must know musique is a thing I value my Self upon, 'tis a thing I have thought on, and consider'd, And made my business from my Cradle.

Lev. Come Madam, now they are settl'd in their business, let's Leave e'm.

Car. With all my heart.

Sir Pos. Come! you shall see it.

Emil. *Cozen*! Pray let it be another time.

Sir Pos. Nay, nay, never talk of that, you shall see't now, And let me tell you I have as much power of Invention In musique as any man in *England*: Come in.

Stanf. O Heav'n, when shall we be } *Enter Fiddlers and play a ridiculous piece of musique.*
deliver'd from these fools?

Sir Pos. How do you like it *Stanford*, is it not well! what say you *Cozin*, ha?

La. Va. Indeed *Sir Positive*, it's very agreeable.

Sir Pos. Upon my honour this honest fellow plaid it with a great deal of glory, he is a most incomparable Bower, he has the most luscious, the most luxurious bow-hand of any man in *Europe*, take that from me, and let me tell you, if any man gives you a better account of the Intrigue of the Violin, then I do, I am an Owl, a Puppy, a Coxcomb, a Logger-head, or what you will.

Emil. Sure there is Magick in this? never to be free?

Sir Pos. Magick? why do you understand Magick?

Emil. No, no, no, not I *Cozen* O intollerable!

Sir Pos. I do, if you please talk of something else, leave that to me, why I will discover lost Spoons and Linnen, relolve all horary questions, nay raise a Devil with Doctor *Faustus* himself, if he were alive.

Ninny to my } Woodcock a Poet? a pimp is he not?
Lady Vain. }

Sir Pos. Whose that speaks of pimping there: well! though I say't no man pretends to less then I do; but I cannot pass this by without manifest Injury to my self.

Stanf. This Puppy rather then not be in at all will declare himself a pimp.

Lady Vaine. But Sir, are you such a manner of man?

Sir Pos. Why Madam? did you never hear of me for this?

Lady Vaine. No Sir! if I had —

Sir Pos. If I had — ha, ha, ha — why Madam, where have you liv'd all this while.

La. Vain. O fy upon him, Madam, I shall lose my reputation if I be seen in his Company.

Sir Pos. Well! the pimps in this Town are a Company of empty idle fellows, they have no design in 'em.

La. Vain. Sir, I am sorry you are such a kind of Man, but —

Sir Pos. Sorry! well! if I would bend my self to't I would starve all these Pimps, they should not eat bread, but I am not thought fit.

La. Va. Sure you railly all this while.

Sir Pos. Railly! ha, ha, ha. Why there is not a Lady of Pleasure from *Blackwall* to *Tuttle-Fields* that I am not intimately acquainted with, nay that I do not know the state of her Body from her first Enttring into the Calling.

La. Vain. O Madam! I am undone, ruin'd for ever by being in his Company.

Sir Pos. Besides for debauching of Women, Madam, I am the greatest son of a Whore in the World if any one comes near me.

La. Vain. Out upon you, if you be such a man I will have nothing to do with you, see me no more, I must look to my Honour, my Reputation is dearer to me then all the VWorld. I would not have a blemish in my Honour for all the riches of the Earth, this makes me so covetous of your Ladiships Company, a person of so much Vertue and Honour, but for *Sir Positive* I de-tye him; forbear my presence, you will undoe my Honour for ever.

Sir Pos. Oh what have I done?

Emil. O horrid Impertinence!

Offers to go out.

Sir

Sir Pos. Nay, nay, Dear Cozen stay, and see us friends first, Madam, I beg a thousand pardons: 'Tis true, I said no man in *England* understood pimping better then my self, but I meant the speculative not the practical part of pimping.

La. Va. O that's something, I assure you, if you had not brought your self off well with your Speculation, I would never have suffer'd you to have Practis'd upon me, for no VWoman in *England* values her Honour more then I do.

Enter Bridget.

Bridg. Oh Madam, we must go to the Setting Dog and Partridge to supper to night, Master *Whiskin* came to invite us, there will be the B'ades, and we shall have a Ball.

La. Vain. VWill there be none but our own Company?

Bridg. No Madam.

La. Va. VVell! I am resolv'd not to fail if I can by any means get rid of *Sir Positive*, for I love meat and drink and fiddles, and such merry Gentlemen with all my heart.

Enter VWoodcock.

Wood. Your servant Dear Hearts; Madam, *Emilia* I kiss your hand: Dear *Fack*.

Emilia. Nay, now it is time to shift for our selves.

Wood. My Dear Bully-Rock can I serve thee in any thing?

Stanf. Nay, then fare you well.

Emil. and Stanf. run
out at several doors,
the Impertinents di-
vided follow 'em.

A c t.

ACT. III.

Enter Stanford, Emilia, *Sir* Positive, *Lady* Vaine,
Woodcock and Ninny.

Sir Pos. **N**ay then Cozen, I am an Ass, an Ideot, a Blockhead and a Rascal, if I don't understand Drammatique Poetry of all things in the World; why this is the onely thing I am esteem'd for in England.

Emil. I can hold no longer. *aside.*

This Rudeness of yours amazeth me; 'Tis beyond all Example, must we be perpetually persecuted by you and your Crew. For Heav'n's sake leave me.

Sir Pos. Ha, ha, ha: Coz. thou raillest well; 'Tis true, Woodcock and Ninny will be a little troublesome sometimes; but ifaith they are very Honest fellows 'Give e'm their due.

Emil. Oh abominable! Worse and worse.

Stanf. to } Gentlemen! what Obligation have we to indure
Ninny and } your folly any longer, must we be forc'd to leave the
Wood. } World for such importunate fools as you are?

Ninny. What a Devil ayles he? he's mad; who does he mean by this?

Wood. Nay ifaith I don't know, I am sure he does not mean me, Dear Heart.

Ninny. Nor me neither; Take that from me.

Wood. Pack if thou wilt leave the World, I'll go along with thee as I told thee, Dear Heart; but who is't troubles thee now Bully-Rock?

Stanf. All of ye; ye are a pack of the most insupportable fools That e're had breath, I had rather be at a Bear-Garden Then be in your Company.

Ninn. Ha, ha, ha: This is very pleasant ifaith: Call the greatest VVits and Authors of the Nation fools. Ha, ha, ha. That's good ifaith,

Wood.

Wood. Nay, perhaps the greatest men of the Age: you are a great Judge indeed, &c.

Lady Vaine. Nay *Sir Positive* e'en leave her (don't be troublesome) since she desires you: Come Madam, I'll wait upon you, whither you please: wee'll enjoy our selves in private.

Emil. This is worst of all; Do you think I can suffer the Noyse of your Tongue forever with patience?

La. Vain. O' my Conscience *Sir Positive* she's distracted.

Sir Pos. Yes Madam, if I be a judge she is, and I defie any one to deceive me in this.

La. Vaine. It must be so, for she has a vast deal of wit, and great wits you know have always a Mixture of Madnes.

Sir Pos. Well Madam! I found that by my self, for I was about three-years ago as mad as ever man was; I 'scap'd *Bedlam* very narrowly, 'tis not above a twelve-moneth since my brains were settl'd again: But come, Madam, I'll wait on your Ladiship, for she do's not deserve the honour of such Company.

La. Vain. What shall I do? to get rid of him, I shall miss my assignation, if I do not.

Sir Pos. Come, Madam ——— Fare you well! since you are no better Company ———

Ex. Sir Pos. and La. Vain.

Ninn. So, so, now we shall be a little at rest: for let me tell you Madam, though *Sir Positive* be a rare man, yet my *Lady Vaine* is a little too talkative, and there can be no greater Trouble to one of sence then that.

Emil. You are the most impertinent of all Mankind.

Ninn. Oh Madam! you are pleas'd to say so ———

Emil. You are a most abominable fool, and the worst Poet in Christendom: I had rather read the History of *Tom Thumb* then the best of your Poems.

Ninn. Oh Madam! you are pleasant, but this won't pass.

Emil. Such ridiculous insipid Rhimes are you Author of, That I am confident you are that incorrigible scribbler that furnishes the Bell-man of this Ward.

Ninn. Ha, ha, ha, &c. Madam: as I hope to breath you droll very well, this is the pretty'st humour in the World.

Enter Lovell and Carolina.

Stanf. O Heav'n! what will become of me?

Car. Is not this extremely pleasant?

Lev. There was never any thing equal to't.

Emil. Your Verses are such as School-boys ought to be whipp'd for.

Ninn. This will not stir me; Madam, I know you are not in Earnest.

Emil. And your Playes are below the Dignity of a Mountebanks stage, *Salvator Winter* wou'd have refus'd them.

Ninn. Nay, Madam, never talk of that, I'll shew you a Play I have about me: Come, Madam, wee'll read it, here's the most glorious conceits, the most powerful touches, in a word, 'tis a Play that shall Read and Act with any Play that ever was born, I mean, conceived.

Wood. Come on Jack!

Stanf. Ah! Dear *Lovell*! use some means for my delivery, or I am ruin'd for ever: for if I shou'd go they wou'd not leave me, they are so barbarously cruel in their persecutions.

Wood. Nay, never speak of that Madam, before *George* you will bring your Judgement in question if you condemn *Ninny's* Playes Dear Heart.

Emil. Away you Coxcomb, you are ten times a more Ridiculous 'Squire then he's a Poet.

Wood. Ha, ha, ha. By the Lord *Harry* this is a strange humour of hers as ever I saw in my life: Well Madam, you will have your frolick, but come *Ninny*, wee'll e'en take our leaves.

Ninn. Ay, ay, come, your humble servants.

Wood. Your servant, Dear Hearts, this is the pleasant'st humor in the World.

Ninn. Ay, is't not? ha, ha, ha ———

Ex. Ninn. and Woodcock laughing.

Stanf. O Friend, I have been more inhumanely us'd then ever Bawd was by the fury of the 'Prentices.

Lev. Still I say laugh at 'em as I do.

Car. Let's

Car. Let's leave 'em *Lovell*, for they are in such humours, they are only fit for one anothers Company.

Lov. With all my heart, Madam. — *Ex. Lovell & Carolina.*

Emil. Well! I will leave the World immediately.

Stanf. Which way do you intend to go?

Emil. Why do you ask?

Stanf. That I may be sure to take another way.

Emil. Nothing could so soon perswade me to tell you as that.

Stanf. What are they gone? they have lock'd the door too!

Emil. I wonder what they leave us alone for.

Stanf. Heav'n knows, unless it be to be troublesome to one another as they have been to us.

Emil. I am sure I have most reason to fear it. *(They walk up and down and take notice of one another.)*

Stanf. You most reason? when did you see

a man so foolish as a Woman?

Emil. When I see you.

Stanf. No, no, none of our sex will dispute folly with yours.

Emil. That's hard, I find nothing but Owls among the best of

you; your young men are all positive, forward, conceited Cox-

combs, and your old men all formall nothings, that wou'd have

their sullen gravity mistaken for wisdom.

Stanf. This is not altogether so much Impertinence as I ex-

pected from one of your sex, but let me tell you, I have too often

suffer'd by Women, not to fear the best of 'em, there being no-

thing to be found in most of the sex, but vanity, pride, envy and

hypocrisie, uncertainty and giddiness of humour, the furious de-

sires of the young make 'em fit to be seduc'd by the flesh, as

the envy and malice of the old prepare 'em to be led away by

the Devil.

Emil. I must confess I don't perceive yet that you are altoge-

ther so ridiculous as the rest of Mankind, but let me tell you,

I have Reason to fear you will be so, perhaps your impertinence

is an Ague that haunts you by fits.

Stanf. That disease in the best of Women is quotidian, and if

you be not infected, you must be the most Extraordinary Woman

in the World.

Emil. I would give Money to see a man that is not so as the

Rabble do, to see a Monster since all men I have ever seen are

most intolerable Fops, would it not distract one to see Gentlemen of 5000 l. a year write Playes, and as Poets venture their Reputations against a sum of Money, they venture theirs against Nothing, others learn Ten years to play o' the Fiddle and to Paint, and at last an Ordinary Fiddler or Sign-Painter that makes it his bus'ness shall out-do 'em all.

Stanf. This looks like sence, I find she does understand something. *aside.*

Emil. Others after twenty or thirty years study in Philosophy arrive no further then at the Weighing of Carps, the Invention of a travailling Wheel, or the poisoning of a Cat with the oyle of Tobacco, these are your Wits and Verruoso's.

Stanf. I must confess this is not so ill as I expected from you; but it do's not less distract me to see a young Lady fall in Love with a vain empty fellow not worth a Groat, perhaps for dancing of a Jigge, or singing of a Stanza of fashionable Non-sence, another on the contrary so insatiably covetous, for money, to marry old age, infirmity, and diseases, and the same bait that perswades 'em to Matrimony shall entice 'em into Adultery.

Emil. This is not so foppish as I believ'd, yet though this be a great Truth, 'tis a very impertinent thing of you to tell me what I know already.

Stanf. How the Devil should I know that, I am sure not many of your sex are guilty of so much discretion as to discern these things.

Emil. I am sure you have not much that cannot distinguish between those that have and have not.

Stanf. I must confess I am a little surpriz'd to find a Woman have so little vanity, I could never indure the Society of any of the sex better then yours.

Emil. To be plain with you, you are not so troublesome a Fop as I have seen.

Stanf. What the Devil makes me think this Woman not impertinent: and yet I cannot help it, what an Owl am I? *aside.*

Emil. I have been so cruelly tormented, and without intermission too, that this seems some Refreshment to me.

Stanf. Why should I be catch'd thus, but I'll keep my folly to my self. *aside.*

I can bear this with a little more patience; but if you (*To her.* should grow much Impertinent, I shou'd venture to break open the Doore for my Liberty, I can assure you.

Emil. Pray Heaven you don't give me the first occasion (*to him.* Well I know not what's the matter, but I like this man strangely; but, What a Fool am I? *aside*

Stan. How like a Woodcock am I insnar'd; a (*To himself.* Curse on *Lovel* for leaving me alone with her. *(to him*

Emil. What do they intend to keep us prisoners for ever.

Stan. I care not how long; *(Aside.* I think they intend to deal with us as they do with (*To her.* Juries, shut us up till we agree of our Verdict.

Emil. That would be longer then the Seige of *Troy* lasted.

Stan. This is not half so bad though as our late persecutions, That's one Comfort.

Emil. It fares with me like one upon a Rack, that is a little loos'n'd from his paines; 'tis pleasure to him when he compares his torments, though those he has left may be intollerable too.

Stanf. In this we agree, though in nothing else.

Emil. I wou'd to Heaven we did in all things; I am (*Aside.* tormented with my self, that am forc'd by the Ridiculous Custom of Women to dissemble, and that way indure my own foppery— Ah dear *Stanford.* *(Aside.*

Stanf. How now! she smil'd, and suddenly check'd the Liberty she took. *(Aside.*

Emil. O Heaven! I fear he has discover'd something. *(Aside.*

Stan. There must be something in't, I like her very well, but am resolv'd not to disclose it what e're comes on't; for, that will make her vain, though she be not already. *(aside.*

Emili. Why don't you break open the door, Sir.

Stan. I don't find much reason for't yet.

Emili. I could find in my heart to give you enough.

Stan. Nay, I doubt not but 'tis in your Nature. What can the meaning of this be? Is there nothing but Riddle in Woman? *(aside.*

Roger. Hold,

Roger. Hold, hold, Mr. *Huffe* : my Master charg'd me of all men living to keep you out of his sight.

Enter Huffe and unlocks the door, and Roger after him, & lays hold on him.

Huffe. Prethee stand by you sawcy Coxcomb.

Roger. Nay, Sir, be not so boisterous ; upon my word you pass no further.

Huffe. Prethee (dear *Roger*) do'nt put this upon me.

Roger. My Master sayes it costs him two peices a time to be rid of you.

Huffe. Prethee let me go, and you shall go my halves.

Roger. Are you in earnest?

Huffe. Yes upon my Honour.

Roger. Nay then speed yee, but be sure you sinke nothing.

(exit Roger.)

Huffe. I warrant you.

Stan. Is he here ! hold, hold, hold, here's your two peices, don't trouble me now.

Huffe. Your humble Servant, I'll returne e'm again to morrow without faile : Ha ! Do they come so easily ; there are more from whence these came : O Sir, I'll tell you, I have had the severest fortune that ever man had.

Stan. Away, away.

Huffe. For Heaven's sake hear, it's the most prodigious thing you ever heard.

Emil. What will this World come to?

Huffe. I was playing at Back-Gammon for my Dinner, which I won ; and from thence we came to five up for half a piece ; of the first set I had three for love and lost it : of the second I Gammon'd him, and threw Doublets at last, which you know made four, and lost that too ; of the third I won never a Game.

Stanf. O Devil ! Is this the Miraculous thing you would tell me, Fare-well.

Huffe. Hold, hold, Sir ! you don't hear the end on't.

Stan. Nor do I desire it, Sir.

Huffe. I'll tell you, Sir, of the fourth set I was four to two, and for the last game my Tables were fill'd up, and I had born my three odd men, so that you know I had two upon every point.

Emil. O

Emili. O insufferable ! though I feel enough my self, yet I cannot but pity *Stanford*. (to her self.

Stan. O Damn'd Impertinence ! Sir, I tell you, I don't understand Back-Gamon.

Huffe. Not understand Back-Gamon : Sir, that you may understand well what I say, I'll tell you what Back-Gamon is.

Emili. This is worse then t'other : sure *Stanford* has some Charme about him, that I can suffer this rather then leave him. (to her self.

Stan. I desire none of your Instructions.

Huffe. Well: then as I was a saying, I had just two upon every point, and he had two Men to enter; and as the Devil wou'd have it, my next throw was Size-Ace; he enter'd one of his Men a Size; then Mr. *Stanford*, to see the Damn'd luck on't, I threw Size-Sinke next, and the very next throw he enter'd upon a Sink; and having his Game very backward, won the Game, and afterwards he Set so, that I lost every penny.

Stanford. This will distract me; VVhat the Devill's this to me?

Huffe. No : but did you ever hear the like in your life ?

Stan. This puts me beyond all patience.

Huffe. But this was not all; for just in the Nick came she that Nurs'd my three last Children that were born without Wedlock, and threaten'd to turn e'm upon my hands if I did not pay her. — 'Faith Mr. *Stanford* three Pieces more will do my business; upon my Honour I'll pay you to morrow : Come will you Communicate ?

Stan. Yes that, that's fitter for you. —

Huffe. VVhat is that Dear Heart ?

Stanf. 'Tis that Sir. ———— (kicks him.

Huffe. That Sir, I don't understand you; if you go to that Sir: There's a business indeed. VVhat do you mean by this ? VVhat would you make a quarrel, Sir? You'll never leave these tricks: I have told you of e'm often enough. What the Devil do you mean by that ?

Stan. Let this expound my meaning. ——— (Kicks him agen-

Huffe. 'Slife, Sir, I don't understand you: and ye talk of these things, and these businesses, Sir, I'de have you know, I scorn to be

be kick'd as much as any man breathing, Sir; and you be that Sport, your Servant, your Servant, Sir.

Enter Roger at the Door.

Roger. Come Mr. *Huffe*, Divide.

Huffe. Divide! There's one for you, for two of *Gives Roger*
e'm was all I got. *a Kick.*

Roger. This you might have kept to your self if you had pleas'd, but, D'ye think I'll be serv'd thus?

Huffe. Let me go.

Rog. I'll not leave you so. ———— (*Exit Roger and Huffe.*)

Emil. Why do'nt you go? the Doores open now, Sir.

Stan. I am afraid I shall light into worse Company.

Emili. O Sir, that's impossible!

Stan. How vain this is of you; now would you give me a fair occasion to flatter you, but I can assure you, you shall miss of your design.

Emil. Well, this is an extraordinary man; I love the (*Aside.*
very sight of him: I wonder Sir, you'll be so foppish to (*To him.*
imagine I love to be flatter'd; I hate flatterers worse then our new Poets.

Stan. What an Owle am I to like this Woman! sure I am bewitch'd.

Emil. } Well, Sir, Farewell: and yet I would not } (*She offers*
Aside. } leave him. *to go out.*

Stan. You'd e'n as good stay, Madam, while you are well: you may perhaps if you go, incounter some of your Persecutors.

Emil. I'de rather stay here then venture that; my trouble is not here so insupportable.

Stan. She must be a rare Woman! (*Aside.*
Nor perhaps is not like to be, unless it comes from your (*To her.*
self: But I think there's less vanity in you then in most women I have seen.

Emil. This is a most excellent person.

Stan. Dear *Emilia*.

(*Aside.*

(*Aside.*

O Heaven! Is he here? *(Enter Sir Positive.*

Sir Posit. Jack; Hark ye.

Stan. For Heaven's sake! I have business.

Sir Posit. 'Tis all one for that, Sir, Why I'll tell you.

Stan. Another time; I beseech you don't interrupt me now.

Sir Posit. Faith but I must interrupt you.

Emilia. What can be the matter he listens to him. *(Aside.*

Stan. 'sife, Why should you put this upon me now.

Sir Posit. If you refuse me, I'll blast your Reputation,

Stan. What shall I do? though this be a Coxcomby-Knight, yet the Puppies stout; are you so cunning in *(To him.* persecuting me, to put a thing upon me I cannot refuse: well Sir, remember this.

Emil. What can this mean? *(Aside.*

Stan. Come, Sir, I'll follow you, but a Curse upon you for finding me out: Madam, as soon as I have dispatch'd this business, 'tis possible I may see you agen.

Emil. But 'tis not, I'll assure you; I'll never see the Face of one, that has so little sence to be seduc'd by such an Ideot as that is.

Stanf. How ridiculous is this of you, to Judge of a thing before you know the Bottom on't.

Sir Posit. Come, *Stanford*, 'prethee come away *(Exeunt.*

Emil. Have I found you? this Fellows as bad as any, and without doubt did but Counterfeit his humour, to insinuate himself into my good opinion. What lucky Accident is this has undeceiv'd me? I felt a passion growing in me might else have prov'd dangerous — *Luce* — *(Enter Luce.*

Luce. Madam.

Emil. Fetch my Hoods and Scarfes, I'll take a walk in the Fields. *(Exit Luce.*

Carol. How Sister! What have you lost your Gallant?

Enter Lovell and Carolina.

Emil. O Sister, I thank you for locking me up with that Fellow; well, the time may come when I may be quit with you. *(Exit.*

Carol. I wonder how the Door came open; I believe there

has been hard bickering betwixt e'm: but, I find my Sister is Conqueror, and your Friend is fled for the same.

Lov. Fare well he, let us mind our selves. Come, 'Faith Madam, Why should you and I hover so long about this Matrimony; Like a Cast of Faulcons about a Hern that dare not stoop.

Carol. O Sir, the Quarry does not Countervaille the Danger.

Lov. I'll warrant you, Madam; but let's raily no longer, there is a Parson at Knights-bridge that yoakes all stray People together, we'll to him, he'll dispatch us presently, and send us away as lovingly as any two Fooles that ever yet were condemn'd to Marriage.

Carol. I should be inclinable enough to cast my self upon you; but I am affraid you are gone so far with my Lady Vaine, you can never come off with Honour: Besides, I am sure, what e're you say, you cannot so soon forget your kindness to her; and if after we are yoak'd, as you call it, you should draw that way, I should draw another; and then our Yoak would go neer to Throttle us.

Lovel. Faith some would think it much the easier if 'twere wide enough to draw both wayes: But Madam, Will you never be serious with me?

Carol. I know you cannot love me, she's your delight.

Lov. Yes, yes, I delight in her as I do in the Tooch-Ache; I love her immoderately, as an English Taylor loves a French Taylor that's set up the next door to him.

Carol. Sir, to keep you no longer in suspence, I am resolv'd never to Marry without my Fathers Consent.

Lov. Madam, I'll not despair of obtaining that.

Carol. He has Vow'd never to Marry me till he has dispos'd of my Elder Sister.

Lov. Will you assure me to make me happy when that's done?

Carol. I think I may safely promise any thing against that time; for, as long as my Sister has these Mellanchollick-Humors, she's far enough from that danger.

Lov. I'll

Lev. I'll warrant you I'll make a Match yet between *Stanford* and her.

Carol. That's impossible, unless you can alter their Natures; for though neither finds Impertinence in themselves, they find it in one another: besides, their very Principles are against all Society.

Lev. Well, Madam, I have a way to make e'm stark mad in love with one another; or at least fetch e'm out of their Sullenness: We will perpetually bait e'm with our Fooles, and by that we shall either plague e'm out of their humour, or at least make their fellow-sufferings be a meanes to endear e'm one to another.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter Sir Positive, Stanford, and two Clerks.

Sir Posit. Now will I firke my two Clerks.

2 Clerk. But, Sir, before we engage, I would satisfy my Conscience whether the Cause be just or no?

Stan. Hang the Cause, we come to fight.

Sir Posit. Why, I'll tell you the Cause, Sir.

Stan. By no meanes, *Sir Positive*, we come to fight here, not to tell stories.

Sir Posit. We'll fight too; but by your leave I'll tell the Cause first, and you were my Father.

Stan. Hold, Sir, think upon your Honour, this is no place for Words; Let your Sword speak your Mind.

Sir Posit. Sir, by your Pardon, I am resolv'd to satisfy e'm; no man in *England* knows how to manage these things better than my self, take that from me.

Stan. O horrid Impertinence, I fear these Fooles Tongues more than I can their Swords.

Sir Posit. Sir, no man in *England* would put up this affront; Why look you, Sir, for him to sit in the Eighteen Pence Gallery, pray mark me, and rail at my Play alowd the first day, and did all that lay in his power to damn it: And let me tell you, Sir, if in any Drammatick Poem there has been such breaks, such Characters, such Figures, such Images, such Heroick Patterns, such Heights,

such Flights, such Intrigues, such Surprizes, such Fire, Salt, and Flame, then I am no Judge: I understand nothing in this World.

Stanf. What a Cause his Valour has found out; and how he Cants too; What an Owle was I to come along with him; Sir *Positive* dispatch. Come, come, Gentlemen.

Sir Pos. Hold a little ———

2 Clerk. VVhy look you Mr. *Timothy*, this is a very honest and ingenious Gentleman for ought I see.

1 Clerk. 'Tis true, I sat in the Eighteen Pence Gallery, but I was so far from Railling against your Play, that I cry'd it up as high as I could.

Sir Posit. How high did you cry it up?

1 Clerk. Why as high as the upper Gallery, I am sure of that.

Stanf. O Cowardly Currs! Will they never fight: Y'e ly, y'e did Rail at his Play.

1 Clerk. Sir, I'll hold you twenty pound I don't lie; Sir, Were you there? Did you hear me? This is the strangest thing in the World.

Stanf. Will nothing make these Rogues fight? You are both Rascally Cowards.

2 Clerk. 'Tis strange you should say so, you are very uncharitable; Do you know either of us?

Stan. Oh insufferable! What Sons of VVhores has he pick'd up, and what an occasion too?

Sir Posit. VVhy do you say, you did not Raile; Did not I sit just under you in the Pit?

2 Clerk. Lord! VVho would expect to see a Poet in the Pitt at his own Play?

Sir Posit. Did not you say, Fy upon't, that shall not pass!

Stan. Gentlemen! either Fight quickly. ———

Sir Posit. Hold hold, let him speak; VVhat can you say? Do Gentlemen VVrite to oblige the VVorld, and do such as you traduce e'm--ha——

1 Clerk. Sir, I'll tell you, you had made a Lady in your Play so unkind to her Lover (who methought was a very honest well-meaning Gentleman) to command him to hang himself;

Said

Said I then that shall not pass, thinking indeed the Gentleman would not have done it, but he indeed did it, then said I fy upon't that he should be so much over-taken.

Sir Posit. Overtaken! that's good 'ifaith, why you had as good call the Gentleman fool: and 'tis the best Character in all my Play. De' think I'll put that up.

1 Clerk. Not I Sir as I hope to live; I would not call the Gentleman Fool for all the World, but 'tis strange a man must pay eighteen pence, and must not speak a word for't.

Sir Pos. Not when Gentlemen write; take that from me.

2 Clerk. No, I would they would let it alone then. *(aside.)*

Sir Pos. But *Stanford* it would make an Authour mad to see the Invincible Ignorance of this age, now for him to hang himself at the Command of his Mistress there's the surprize, and I'll be content to hang my self, if ever that was shewn upon a stage before, besides 'twas an Heroick *Cato*-like Action, and there's great Love and Honour to be shewn in a mans hanging himself for his Mistress, take that from me.

Stanf. O horrid! this Magisterial Coxcomb will defend any thing.

Sir Pos. What do you think *Stanford*, you are a great Judge?

Stanf. I think a Halter is not so honourable as a Ponyard, and therefore not so fit to express Love and Honour with.

Sir Pos. Ha, ha, ha, To see your mistake now that's the onely thing in the Play I took pains for, I could have made it otherwise with ease, but I will give you seventeen reasons why a Halter's better then a Ponyard. First, I'll show you the posture of hanging, look, d'ye mind me, it is the posture of a Pensive dejected Lover with his hands before him, and his head aside thus,

Stanf. I would you had a Halter you would demonstrate it more cleerly.

Sir Pos. 'Faith, and would I had, I'de show it you to the life—— but secondly——

Stanf. Hold Sir——I am convinced, to our fighting bus'ness agen; but they have given you full satisfaction, Let's away

Sir Posit. No, no, hold a little.

Stanf. A Curse on him! did I leave *Emilia* for this?

Sir Pos. Sir, if you'll set your hand to this Certificate, I'll be satisfy'd, otherwise you must take what follows.

1 Clerk. Sir! with all my heart, I'll do any thing to serve you.

Sir Pos. I had this ready on purpose, for I was resolv'd if we had fought, and I had disarm'd him, I'de have made him do't before I'de have given him his life, How do you write your self?

1 Clerk. *Timothy Scribble* a Justice of Peace his Clerk.

Sir Posit. Here read it, and set your hand to it.

1 Clerk } I do acknowledge and firmly believe that the play of
reads } *Sir Positive Att-all Knight*, call'd the Lady in the Lobster, notwithstanding it was damn'd by the Malice of the Age, shall not onely read, but it shall Act with any of *Ben. Johnsons* and *Beaumont's* and *Fletcher's* Plays.

Sir Pos. Hold, hold! I'll have *Shakespeares* in, 'slife I had like to have forgot that.

1 Clerk } With all my heart.

reads } I do likewise hereby attest that he is no Purloiner of other mens Works, the general fame and opinion notwithstanding, and that he is a Poet, Mathematician Divine, Statesman, Lawyer, Physitian, Geographer, Musitian, and indeed a *Unus in Omnibus* through all Arts and Sciences, and hereunto I have set my hand the day of

1 Clerk. With all my heart.

Sir Pos. Come Sir, do you Witness it.

2 Clerk. Ay Sir.

(he sets his hand.

Sir Pos. In presence of *Jacob Dash*.

1 Clerk. Look you Sir I write an indifferent good hand, if you have any occasion to command me, inquire at the Stationers at Furnivals Inne. —

Stanf. Why you Impudent Rascals! how dare you offers to come into the Field? must I be diverted thus long by kick 'em you?

Sir Pos. Hold *Stanford*! I cannot in honour suffer that now they are my Friends, and after this satisfaction I am bound in honour to defend 'em to the last drop of blood.

Stanf. O intolerable!

1 Clerk. Sir! I pray be not angry! we did not come into the Field

Field to fight, but Master *Dash* and I came to play a match at Trap-ball for a Dish of Steakes at Gloster-hall, and here you found us.

Sir Pos. Have you the Confidence to talk of Trap-ball before me, nay, now you are my Enemies agen: hark you *Stanford* I'll play with 'em both for 5000*l.* why I was so eminent at it when I was a School-boy, that I was call'd *Trap Positive* all over the School.

Stanf. Then farewell good *Sir Positive Trap.*

Sir Pos. Dear *Stanford* stay but one quarter of an hour, and you shall see how I'll dishonour 'em both at Trap-ball—— They talk of Trap-ball, ha, ha, ha.

Stanf. 'Slife what will become of me: out of the field you inconsiderable Rascals. Must I be diverted thus by you ——

(They run out.

Exeunt omnes:

Enter Emilia and her Maid at one Door, Ninny and Woodcock at t'other.

Emil. I thought we might have been free here: and here are these Puppy's.

Wood. Let's aboard of 'em, whd e're they are, fa, la, la, how now Dear Hearts? by the *L. Harry* its pity you should walk without a Couple of Servants, he e's a Couple of Bully-Rocks will serve your turn, as well as Two of Buckram, Dear Hearts.

Emil. O Heaven! ————— *(aside.*

Luc. Gentlemen this is very rude! we shall have them come shall thank you for't.

Ninn. As I hope to breath Ladies you look the pretty'st in Vizard Masks of any Ladies in *England.*

Wood. And now you talk of Masks, I'll show you an admirable Song upon a Vizard Mask, Dear Hearts, of Poet *Ninny's* making.

Emil. Oh abominable Impudence!

Wood. But I must beg your pardon that I cannot sing it, for I am hoarse already with singing it to the Maids of Honour.

Luc.

Luce. You sing it to the Maids of Honour?

Wood. But if I had a Violin here, no man in *England* can express any thing more lusciously upon that then my self, ask *Ninny* else.

Ninn. Yes Ladies! he has great power upon the Violin, he has the best double Rellish in Gam-ut of any man in *England*, but for the little finger on the left hand no man in *Europe* outdoes him.

Wood. You may believe him, Dear Hearts, for he's a great Judge of Musick, and as pretty a Poet as ever writ Coupler.

Emil. O horrid! what's this? there's no way to scape, but to discover our selves. *(they pull off their masks.)*

Ninn. *Emilia*! what shall I do? I am undone, shee'l never own me agen.

Emil. Farewel you Baboons, and learn better manners.

Wood. 'Slife shee'l take me for a Whore-master, I am nipt in the very blossome of my hopes.

Ninn. For Heav'ns sake, pardon me Madam.

Emil. Let me go.

Wood. No Madam, wee'l wait on your Ladiship home.

Emil. This is worse and worse.

Enter Huffle.

Huff. Heart! if I put up this, I'll give him leave to use me worse then a Bayley that arrests in the Inns of Court.

Wood. Why! what's the matter?

Huff. 'Slife kick a man of honour as I am. I'll pistoll him pissing against a Wall.

Luce. Ay then or never to my knowledge.

Wood. What's the bus'ness Dear Heart, hah?

Huff. Sir, I'll tell you.

Emil. This is a lucky Occasion.

Ex. Emil. Luce.

Ninn. Are you gone, I'll follow you.

Ex. Ninn.

Huff. I had occasion for four or five Pieces to make up a Sum with, and went to borrow it of him, and he like an uncivil fellow as he was —

Wood. What did he?

Huff. Why

Huff. Why I did but turn my back, and he like an ill-bred sot, gives me a kick or two of the breech, I'll cut his throat if I should meet him in a Church.

Wood. This will be an ill bus'ness; I am sorry for my Friend **Jack Stanford**. ——— for Master **Huffes** honour (*aside*. is disturb'd, and I fear hee'l revenge it bloodily, for he understands Punctilio's to a hair, but I'll endeavour to prevent it however.

Huff. If he be above ground I'll cutt's throat for't, I'll teach him to use a man of honour thus, if he had pleas'd he might have dealt with me at another rate, as I hope to live I had a fighting Sword by my side neer six foot long at that very time, and he to kick a man. Pshaw. He does not understand his bus'ness, but I shall find him presently. *Ex. Huff.*

Enter Ninny.

Ninn. Pox on't **Woodcock** she would not let me go with her.

Wood. Prethee, Dear Heart, see if thou canst find **Jack Stanford** in the Fields, while I go and see if I can find him in the Town.

Ninn. What's the matter?

Wood. 'Tis a business concerns his life, Dear Heart, ask no questions, but if you find him, bring him to the Sun. *Exit:*

Ninn. What can this be?

But I'll go see if I can find him out,
So to be sure of what I'm now in doubt.

Fin. Act. tertii.

Act.

ACT. IV.

Enter Lady Vaine and Carolina.

La. Va.

Come Madam, I am not so blind, but I have discover'd something.

Car.

What have you discover'd Madam?

La. Va.

Let me tell you, Madam, 'tis not for your honour to give meetings privately to Master Lovell.

Car. Why Madam, if I shou'd, are you concern'd in it?

La. Vain. Yes, Madam, first in my good Wishes to your Ladiship, I would not have the World blame your Conduct, not that you shou'd have the least blemish in your honour, but that your Fame and Vertue shou'd continue unspotted and undefil'd as your Ladiships Beauty is.

Car. Fear not, Madam, I'll warrant you I'll secure my honour without your Instructions.

Enter Lovell softly, and comes just behind them.

La. Vain. But, Madam, let me tell you agen, no Woman has really that right in Master Lovell that I have: but he's a false Wretch Madam, he has no Religion in him, if he had any Conscience, or had used to have heard Sermons, he wou'd never have been so wicked and perfidious to a poor Innocent Woman as I am.

Lov. This is very fine i'faith ——— *(to himself)*

La. Vain. Madam, he protested all the honourable kindness in the World to me, and has receiv'd Favours from me, I shall not mention at this time, and now he has rais'd the siege from before me, and laid it to your Ladiship.

Car. I cannot imagine what you mean by this?

La. Va. And Madam to confess my Weakness to you, I must needs say, I love him of all men in the World.

Car.

Car. Well, Madam, since you do, I'll resigne my Interest in the Gentleman you speak of, here he is.

La. Va. Oh Heaven! am I betray'd? well, Madam, I shall acquaint your father with your Amour.

Lov. Hold, Madam, if you do perhaps I may whisper something in *Sir Positive's* ear.

La. Vain. Sir! you will not be so ungenerous to boast of a Ladies kindness: if he shou'd say the least thing in the World after my unhanfome leaving of him just now, it wou'd incense him past reconciliation, what a confusion am I in? *Ex. La. Vain.*

Lov. Is not this very pleasant Madam?

Car. I wonder, Sir, after what has now past you have the confidence to look me in the face.

Lov. I like this raillery very well, Madam.

Car. I can assure you, you shall have no reason to think I railly with you.

Lov. Certainly you cannot be in Earnest.

Car. Upon my word you shall find I am, I will have nothing to do with any man that's engag'd already.

Lov. You amaze me, Madam.

Car. 'He never see you more ———

Enter Stanford.

Stanf. O friend! I'm glad I've found you.

Lov. I shall have no opportunity to appease my Mistress; if I do not get rid of him, but I have a trick for him. *(Aside.)*

Stanf. Wou'd this woman were away, that I might acquaint you with the greatest concernment I ever had.

Lov. Step into that Chamber quickly, and I'll get rid of her, and come to you. ———

Stanf. With all my heart ———

Exit Stanford.

Lov. Certainly, Madam, you cannot know this Woman so little as to give her Credit? I'll tell you what she is.

Car. I am very glad I know you so well: do you think I'll be put off with a Remnant of your Love?

Enter Roger.

Rog. O! Master *Lovell*! is my Master here? I have lost him these two houres.

Low. Ay, ay, but Madam, for Heav'n's sake hear me!

Car. Trouble me no more. *[Exit Carolina, Lovell follows her.]*

Rog. Where is this Master of mine: I have been seeking him these two hours, and cannot light of him.

Enter Huff.

Huff. Oh *Roger*! where's your Master?

Rog. O Sir! you shall excuse me for that.

Huff. Prethee dear *Rogue* tell me, 'twill be better for thee.

Rog. No, no, that won't do, you were not so just to me last time.

Huff. Upon my honour I was: Why shou'dst thou distrust thy friend?

Rog. Come Sir, don't think to Wheedle me at this rate!

Huff. I am a son of a Whore if I was not just to you: but prethee bring me to him once more: I am sure to get money of him, and may I perish if I do not give you your share to a farthing.

Rog. Well! I'll trust you once more: go, and stay for me in the Hall, and I'll come to you when I have found my Master, who is somewhere in this house.

Huff. Well! I'll wait for you — *[Exit.]*

Rog. My comfort is, if he gets money I may have my share, if not he ventures a kicking agen, and I venture nothing.

Enter Stanford and Emilia.

Rog. Oh Sir! I have been seeking you these two houres, and here's Master *Lovell* in the house.

Stanf. You Rascal, must you trouble me too? — *[Offers to strike him.]*

Emil. He does not trouble you more then you do me. *[Strike him.]*

Stanf. Now are you like a young hound that runs away with a false scent.

Emil.

Emili. For Heaven's sake leave me.

Stanf. Nay! This is like a Woman, to condemn a man unheard.

Emili. Must I be for ever pester'd with Impertinent people?

Stanf. If you were not so your self, you wou'd not think me so; but she that has the Yellow Jaundies thinks every thing yellow which she sees.

Emili. Is it possible you can have the impudence to endeavour to justifie your folly.

Stan. Not that I care much for satisfying you, but to vindicate my self from the unjust aspersion: know it was my honour oblig'd me to go along with that Foole.

Emili. Out of my sight; Are you one of those Fopps that talk of honour?

Stan. Is that a thing so despicable with you? he ask'd me to be his second, which I cou'd not in honour refuse.

Emil. Granting that barbarous custome of Duells; Can any thing be so ridiculous, as to venture your life for another mans quarrel, right or wrong?

Stan. I like this Woman more and more, like a fott as I am; sure there is VVitch-craft in't. —

Emil. But to do the greatest Act of Friendship in the World for the greatest Owle in Nature. *(aside.)*

Enter Huffe.

Huffe. Oh Mr. *Stanford*, I have a business to impart to you.

Stan. O insufferable! Have you the Impudence to trouble me agen.

Emi. I know not what's the matter, but I cannot but have some inclination to this fellow yet. *(aside.)*

Huffe. I am going into the City, where I shall have the rarest Bubble that ever man had; he was set me by a Renegado-Linnen-Draper, that fail'd last year in his Credit, and has now no other trade but to start the Game, whil'st we pursue the Chace. This is one of these fellows that draw in the Youth of the City into

into our Decoy, and perpetually walk up and down seeking for Prey.

Stan. Be gone ! and leave me.

Huffe. But you know a man must have a little Gold to show, to baite the Rogues withall.

Stan. Out, you unseasonable Rascal, Ile send you hence. ——— *Drawes.*

Huffe. Nay, 'tis not that Sir can fright me, but that I would not disturb the Lady, I'de make you know.

Stan. You impudent Villain, I'll send you fur- } *Follows Huffe,*
ther. } *and runs away*

Huffe. Nay, Sir, your humble Servant and you } *buffing.*
go to that, Sir ; I care as little for a Sword, Sir, as any man upon Earth : I fear your Sword ? Who dares say it ? your Servant, your Servant. ——— (Ex. Huffe

Emil. This is not altogether so foolish as fighting in Sir *Positive's* Quarrel.

Stanf. Sir *Positives* quarrel ! 'twas in effect my own ; for I was sure to meet with some impertinent Fellow or other for my Enemy, and was glad of this opportunity to vent my indignation upon one of those many that have tormented me ; I had rather fight with them all, then converse with them.

Emil. But you may chuse whether you will do either.

Stanf. Yes, as much as chuse whether Ile breathe or no.

Emili. But how could you be sure to meet with such an one.

Stanf. VVhat Question is that ? Is it not above 5000 to one odds ?

Emil. } I am glad he has brought himself well off, for I must
aside. } like him, do what I can, he must be a man of sence :
I must confess, the business is not altogether so ill as I imagin'd. (To him.

Stanf. Now Madam, who is impertinent, you or I ?

Emil. You are to say the same thing twice to me.

Stan. VVell ! this is a rare VVoman : what a quick apprehension she has. I love her strangely, the more Coxcombe I, that I shou'd be drawn in of all men living. (aside

Enter

Enter VWoodcock.

VWood. O Dear heart, have I met with thee; I have been seeking thee all the Town over.

Stanf. Heart, What's this? I was going in great haste just as you came, adieu.

Wood. Ah dear Jack, I have not so little honour as to leave thee in this condition.

Stanf. Good Sir! What condition? I am not Drunk, am I?

Wood. No, Ga'd, wou'd it were no worse, Dear heart.

Stanf. It cannot be worse, do not trouble me.

Wood. No, I'll tell thee *Jack*; *Huffe* threatens thee to cut thy Throat where ever he meets thee; and I came my Dear Bully-Rock to offer thee the Service of my sword and arme.

Stanf. For Heaven's sake put not this upon me; Do you think he that wou'd be kick'd without resistance, dares do any thing?

Wood. But look you, Dear Heart, Lord this is the strangest thing in the World, you had Ladies with you, and you know it had been an uncivil thing to have turn'd agen then *Jack*: but now he's resolv'd to have satisfaction, he told me so; And if I can see as farr into a Millstone as another, he's no Bully Sandy.

Stanf. Trouble me no more: be gone——

Wood. Ay, ay, thou dost this now to try whether I have so little honour as to quit thee, but it won't pass, my dear Rascall; kiss me, I'll live and dye with thee.

Stanf. Sir, let me tell you, this is very rude: and upon my word I have no quarrel unless you'll force one upon me.

Emil. Still do I like this man better and better.—— (*Aside:*

Wood. Nay, then I smell a Rat—— Farewell *Jack*——
Servant, Dear Hearts. *Ex. Woodcock.*

Enter

Enter Lovel, Carolina, Roger.

Carol. But, are you sure my Lady *Vaine* is such a one.

Lov. Yes, that I am, my little peevish Jealous Mistress.

Carol. Yes, yes, I have reason to be jealous of such a Treasure as you are: But pray, to satisfy a little scruple I have, see her no more.

Stanf. We had best change the Scene, I think, what if you shou'd walk out a little.

Emili. I care not much if I doe.

Stanf. I cou'd find in my heart to go along with you.

Emili. Yes, and leave me agen for your Honour forth.

Stanf. How Devillishly impertinent is this for you to harp upon one string still.

Lovel. Let's pursue our design.

Enter Sir Positive.

Carol. Agreed: and to our wish here comes my Cozin *Positive*.

Sir Posit. Oh! Have I found you: I'll tell you the pleasant'st thing in the World.

Stan. Sir, I am just now going to a *Lawyer* of the Temple to aske his Councell.

Sir Posit. P'shaw, p'shaw; save thy Money, what need'st thou do that, I'll do't for you; why I have more Law, then ever *Cooke* upon *Littleton* had; you must know, I am so eminent at that, that the greatest Lawyers in *England* come to me for advice in matters of difficulty: Come, state your Case, let's hear't, Come. — Hold, hold Cozen, Whither *Emilia* offers are you going. *to go out.*

Emili. Let me goe, I am going in haste to bespeak a Seale.

Sir Posit. A Seale; Why do'st thou know what thou do'st now? To go about that without my advice: Well, I have given *Symons* and all of e'm such Lessons, as I have made e'm stand in admiration of my Judgment: Do you know that

that I'll cut a Seale with any man in England for a thousand Pound.

Roger. I have my Lesson, I'll warrant you I'll do't. *Exit.*

Emili. O Heav'n!

I must go now to bespeak it; I am to send it immediately to my Sister at the English Nunnery in *Bruges*.

Sir Posit. *Bruges!* ah dear *Bruges*; now you talk of *Bruges*, I am writing this night to *Castel Rodrigo*, you must know I have thought of their Affaires, and consider'd e'm thoroughly; and just this very After-noon I have found out such a way for e'm to preserve *Flanders* from the *French*, I defie all Mankind for such an Invention; and I think I offer him very fair, if he will let me divide the Government with him, I'll do't; otherwise if *Flanders* be lost, 'tis none of my fault.

Low. What is your Design Sir Positive?

Stanf. That thou shoud'st be so very foppish to aske questions?

Sir Posit. I'll tell you, I will this year; pray mark me, I will bring 100000 Men into the Field, d'ye see.

Carol. But, Where will you have these Men, Cozen?

Sir Posit. Have e'm, P'shaw, p'shaw, let me alone for that; I tell thee *Stanford*, I will bring 100000 men into the Field, 60000 in one Compleat body, and 40000 for a flying Army, with which I will enter into the very Body of all *France*.

Stan. O Devil! I had rather *Flanders* shou'd be lost, then hear any more on't.

Sir Posit. But this would signifie nothing, unless it were done by one that understands the conduct of an Army, which if I do not, let the World Judge: but to satisfie you, I'll tell you what I'll do, pray mark me, I will take threescore thousand *Spanish* Souldiers, and fight with 60000 *French*, and cut e'm off every Man: pray observe one, this is demonstration; then will I take those very numericall Individual *Frenchmen* I spoke of.

Stanf. What, after you have cut e'm off every man,

Sir Posit. Pish; What doest talk Man? What's matter whether it be before or after, that's not to the point? P'shaw, prethee don't thee trouble thy self for that, I'll do't man; I will take those very 60000 *French* and fight with a *Spanish* Army of

I

100000,

100000, and by my extraordinary Conduct destroy e'm all, this is demonstration, nothing can be plainer then this; by this you may guess whether I may not be a considerable Man to that Nation or no. — Nay, more then that, I'll undertake if I were in *Candia*, the Grand Visier would sooner expose himself to the fury of the *Fanizaries*, then besiege the Town while I were in't.

Emil. I cannot tell whether I am more tormented with Sir *Positive*, or pleas'd with *Stanford*, he is an extraordinary man:

(*Aside*

Sir Posit. But as I was saying, Cozen *Emilia*; I will have 100000 men in the Field, and I will man the Garrisons to the full: besides pray observe, I will have an infinite store of Provision every where, and pay all my Souldiers to a penny duly.

Carol. But where's the Money to do this Cozen?

Emil. What shall I do? Whether shall I turn me?

Stan. Ah Dear *Emilia*!

Sir Posit. VWhere's the Money, that's a good one 'Faith! — Prethee dear Cozen do thou mind thy Guittar; thou dost not understand these things,

Stan. I am sure I understand you to be the greatest Coxcomb in Nature.

Sir Posit. Then I will make you me a League Offensive and Defensive with the King of *England*, the Emperor and Princes of *Germany*, the King's of *Sweden* and *Denmarke*, the Kings of *Portugal* and *Poland*, *Prestor John*, and the Great *Cham*, the *States* of *Holland*, the Grand Duke of *Muscovy*, the Great *Turk*, with two or three Christian Princes more, that shall be nameless; and if with that Army, Provision and Alliance, I do not do the business, I am no Judge, I understand nothing in the VWorld.

Enter *Roger*.

Roger. O Sir *Positive*! my Lady *Vaine* wou'd speak with you at your Lodging immediately.

Sir Posit. Cods my life-kins, *Stanford*, I am heartily sorry I must leave you.

Stan. So am not I.

Sir Posit. I

Sir Posit. I beg your pardon a thousand times. I vow t
Gad I wou'd not leave you but upon this occasion.

Emil. How glad am I of the occasion!

Sir Posit. going, Well! I hope you'll be so kind to believe,
returues in haste. That nothing but my Duty to my Mistress
shou'd have made me part with you thus rudely.

Stanf. O yes! we do believe it.

Sir Posit. But hark you *Cozen*, and *Stanford*, you must pro-
mise me not to take it ill, as I hope to breathe I mean no incivi-
lity in the World.

Emil. Oh no, no, by no meanes.

Sir Posit. Your Servant.

(Exit Sir Positive.)

Carol. Come, *Lovel*, let's follow him, and either prepare him,
or find out some others for a fresh encounter.

Lov. Allon's, but be sure, *Roger*, you forget not what I said
to you.

Rog. I will not, Sir.

Stanf. How Curteously he excus'd himself, for not torment-
ing us more.

Emil. This is the first good turne my Lady *Vaine* e're did
me.

Rog. No, Madam, this was my ingenuity; I ne'r law my La-
dy *Vaine*, nor do I know where she is.

(Sir Positive Returnes.)

Sir Posit. *Cozen* and Mr. *Stanford*, I have consider'd on't, and
I vow to Gad I am so affraid you'll take it ill, that rather then
disoblige you, I'll put it off.

Stan. O no Sir, by no meanes; 'twould be the rudest thing in
the World to disobey your Mistress.

Sir Posit. Nay, 'Faith I see thou art angry now, 'prethee don't
trouble thy selfe, I'll stay with thee.

Stanf. Hell and Damnation! this is beyond all suffe-
rance.

Emil. Let me advise you by all meanes to go to your Mis-
tress.

Sir Posit. Well! if you won't take it ill, I'll go; adieu.

(Exit Sir Posit.)

The Sullen Lovers; Or,

Enter Woodcock, Serjeant, and Musqueteers.

Wood. That's he, seize him.

Serje. Sir, by your leave, you must go to the Captain of the Guard.

Stan. O! intollerable! What's the matter now?

Serjeant. I do not know, but I guess 'tis upon a quarrel betwixt you and one Lieutenant *Huffe*.

Stanf. Was ever any thing so unfortunate as this? Can't you defer't an houre?

Serje. I am commanded by my Officer and dare not disobey.

Stanf. How loath am I to leave this Woman; there is something extraordinary in this——Madam; I am willing enough to stay with you, but you see I am forc'd away: —— stay you here *Roger*. —— (Exit with Serjeant and Musqueteers.

Emil. VVhat an unlucky accident is this? but my misfortunes never faile me. —— (Exit.

Wood. So, he's safe, and I have done what I in honour ought to do; and now honest *Roger*, my dear Bully-Rock, I'll stay with thee, prethee kiss me, thou art the honestest Fellow in the World.

Roger. Sir, I am glad I can Repay your Commendations; I have the best newes for y'e that ever you heard in your life.

Wood. Me! VVhat is't Dear Heart?

Rog. VVhy, I'll tell you, the Lady *Emilia* is in love with you.

Wood. In love with me, fy, fy, Pox on't what a VVheadling Rogue art thou now? VVhy should'st thou put this upon thy Friend now?

Roger. Sir, this suspicion of yours is very injurious: Let me tell you, that I am sure I have not deserv'd it from you Sir.

Wood. Nay, I must confes, I have alwayes found thee an honest Fellow, Dear Heart; but a Pox on't, she can't love me: Pshaw, me! VVhat, what can she see in me to love me for? no,

Exit

Roger. Sir!

Rog. Sir! upon my life, it's true.

Wood. Ha, ha, Dear Rascal, kiss me, the truth on't is, I have thought some such thing a pretty while, but how the Devil com'st thou to find it out, on my Conscience thou art a Witch.

Rog. O Sir! I am great with her Maid *Luce*, and she told me her Lady fell in love with you for singing, she says you have the sweetest Voice, and the delicatest Method in singing of any man in England.

Wood. As Gad shall sa'me, she is a very ingenious Woman; Dear Dog, Honest Rascal here, here's for thy Newes, I'll go in and give her a song immediately ——— *Exit.*

Rog. How greedily he swallows the bait: but these self-conceited Ideots can never know when they are wheadl'd.

Enter Lovell and Ninny.

Ninn. P'shaw, p'shaw, ad'au'tre, ad'au'tre, I can't abide you shou'd put your tricks upon me.

Lov. Come, *Ninny*, leave Fooling, you know I scorn it, I have always dealt faithfully with you.

Ninn. I must confess he has always commended my Poems, *aside.* S that's the truth on't: But I am affraid this is impossible, don't Wheadle your friend.

Lov. I shall be angry Sir, if you distrust me longer. You may neglect this opportunity of raising your self, Do, but perhaps you may never have such another.

Nin. Nay, but dear Sir, speak! are you in Earnest?

Lov. Doe you intend to affront me, you had as good give me the lye.

Nin. No, dear Sir, I beg your pardon for that, I believe you, But how came you to know it?

Lov. Her Sister *Carolina* told me so, and that she fell in love with you for reading a Copy of your own Verses: she says you read Heroick Verse with the best Grace of any man in England.

Ninn. Before *George* she's in the right of that, but Sir —

Lov. 'Slife ask no more questions, but to her and strike while the Irons hot: have you done your business *Rog.*

Rog.

Rog. Most dextrously Sir.

Lov. Let's away ———

Ex. Lov. and Roger.

Ninn. Love me? I am o'rejoy'd, I am sure I have lov'd her a great while.

Enter Emilia, Woodcock following her singing.

Wood. Fa, la, la, la, &c.

Emil. Heav'n! this will distract me, what a vile noise he makes worse then the Creaking of a Barn door, or a Coach wheel ungreas'd.

Wood. This is damn'd unlucky that he shou'd be here to hinder my design. (aside.

Ninn. What a pox makes him here, but I'll on in my bus'ness Madam, I'll speak you a Copy of Verses of my own that have a great deal of mettle and soul, and flame in 'em.

Emil. But I will not hear 'em, Sir.

Wood. Alas poor fool he hopes to please her, but it won't do, ha, ha, ha. (aside.

Ninn. What the devil can she mean by this, sure she can't be in Earnest: No, I have found it; Ay, ay, it must be so, she wou'd not have me speak before him, because she wou'd not have him take notice of her passion, but what care I ——— (aside

(he offers to rehearse.
Wood. Prethee Ninnny don't trouble the Lady with your Verses.

Ninn. Well, well! Can't you let one alone ———

Wood. Fa, la, la, la, &c.

Emil. What horrid Noise is this you make in my Ears? shall I never be free?

Ninn. Alas! poor Coxcomb he hopes to please her with his Voice: No, no, he may spare his pains — I am the man. (aside.

Wood. What a pox ayles she? She's damnably out of humour what e'res the matter, I am sure Roger wou'd not deceive me of all men? what an ass am I, that I shou'd not find it, she's affraid my singing will encourage him to trouble her; or else she would not have him perceive her kindness ——— (aside.

Emil. Sure all the world conspires against me this day?

Wood

Wood. Fa, la, la, la, &c.

Ninn. } My Love to that prodigious height } while Ninny repeats.
reads } does rise,

'Tis worthy of my heart and of your Eyes :
First of my heart, which being subdu'd by you,
Must for that Reason be both strong and true ;
Then of your Eyes, which Conquerours must subdue :
And make 'em be both slaves and freemen too ;
Your Eyes which do both dazle, and delight,
And are at once the Joy, and grief of sight.
Love that is worthy of your face and fame
May be a glory, but can be no shame :
My heart by being overcome does stronger prove,
Strength makes us yield unto your Eyes and Love.
In this my heart is strong, because 'tis weak,
This, though I hold my peace, my Love will speak,
Silence can do more then e're speech did doe,
For humble silence does doe more then woe ;
Under the Rose, which being the sweetest flower
Shews silence in us has then speech more power.

Ninn. Why, what a damn'd Noise does he make ; pox take me Madam, if one can be heard for him ; Can't you let one alone with one's Verses trow. .

Wood. Poor fellow ! alas ! he little thinks why I sing now ? (aside.

Ninn. If he thought how pleasant my rehearsing were to her, sure he wou'd not be so rude, but Mum for that. (aside.

Enter Luce.

Luce. O Madam ! your fathers come to Town, and has brought a Country Gentleman to come a woing to you : he sent his man before hand to know if you were within, and one of the servants unluckily inform'd him before I cou'd see him : he sayes he's the most down-right plodding Gentleman the Countrey can afford.

Emil. What will become of me ? is there no mercy in store for me ?

Wood.

Wood. Is he coming—nay then--hem--
—hem.

Ninn. I'll make haste before he comes
to hinder me.

Emil. For Heav'n's sake let me goe.

Wood. Sing

} together.

Ninn. Repeat

Emil. Oh, hold, hold, hold. I faint if you give not over.

Wood. What a Devil does she mean by this, I am sure she loves
me; but perhaps rather then indure the trouble of his Noise, she's
willing to dispense with the pleasure of my Voice. *(aside)*

Ninn. A poise take this *Woodcock* that he shou'd anger this
Lady, as I hope to live he's a very impertinent fellow, for
though she was troubled at him, I perceiv'd she was transported
with me.

Emil. It must be so, I must do ill that good may come on't:
This Countrey-fellow will be the worst plague of all, since he has
my fathers Authority to back him, I must be forc'd to subdue my
own Nature, and flatter these Coxcombs to get rid of him, for
they are so impudent they'l drive him from hence —

Enter Stanford, and overhears.

Wood. Madam, let me ask you in private, how did you like
my song, speak boldly Madam, *Ninny* does not hear, Dear
Heart?

Emil. I must needs like it, Sir, or betray my own Judgement.

Wood. Ah, Dear *Roger*! thou art a made man for ever. *(aside.*
I am the man ————

Stanf. What's this I hear?

(to himself.

Ninn. How did you like my Verses, Madam?

Emil. So well Sir, that I hope you will let me hear 'em often.
What am I reduc'd to?

Stanf. Oh Devil whats this?

Ninn. How happy shall I be? the truth is I did perceive you
were troubl'd at *Woodcocks* senseless Songe, how we wou'd enjoy
our selves if he were gone?

Stanf. Is

Stanf. Is it possible I shou'd be deceiv'd so much?
Wood. I'll tell thee, Dear Heart, if thou bee'st troubled at
Ninny's Rimes, upon my honour I'll beat the Rogue.

Enter Father and Countrey Gentleman.

Fath. This is she, Sir.

Cou. Gen. Your servant, Madam.

Stanf. 'Death she is a very Gossip, and Converſes with all ſort
of fools, not only with patience, but with pleaſure too, how civilly
ſhe entertains them? That I ſhou'd be ſuch an Owl to think there
could be a woman not impertinent, I have not patience to look
upon her longer. ————— Ex.

Wood. It won't doe *Ninny*, her father little thinks ſhe's ingag'd
Dear Heart.

Ninn. No, no, her father little thinks ſhe's ingag'd, (*aſide.*
nor you neither, to whom—ha, ha, ha, it makes me laugh to
think how this Countrey Gentleman will be bob'd *Wood-*
cock.

Wood. He may go down *Ninny* like an Aſs as he came, ſhee'll
ſend him down with a flea in's ear take that from me.

Ninn. What a poiſe! he does not know ſhe loves me!
does he? (*aſide.*

Wood. Poor fool! I pity him: ha, ha, ha.

Ninn. So do I, alack, alack.

Cou. Gent. Madam, I am but juſt now come to Town, you
ſee my Boots are dirty ſtill, but I make bold as the ſaying is.

Emil. More bold then welcome, I aſſure you Sir.

Cou. Gent. Thank you good ſweet Madam; this is the moſt ob-
liging Gentlewoman that ever was ————— (*aſide.*

Fath. By this he ſhewes the Impatience of his Love
(Daughter.)

Wood. Madam, I am a ſon of a Whore, if I have not the beſt
ſong upon that ſubject, that ever you heard in your life.

Ninn. Before George Madam, I'll repeat you a Copy of Verſes
of my own ten times better then his ſong.

Wood. You are an impudent Coxcomb to ſay ſo, Dear Heart,
And ye lye, and I am ſatisfy'd.

Ninn. Do I so, Madam, do but you judge.

Fath. What can this mean? they are both mad.

{sing and repeat}
together — }

Ninn. } I am so impatient for to go to
repeats } my Dear,
That I run headlong without
wit or fear.

Wood. sings.

My love is Cruel growne,
For to leave me all alone,
Thus for to sigh and moan.
Ah woe is me!

Ninn. What an impertinent fellow
are you.
Woodcock cannot you let one alone.

Peace, Coxcomb, peace. (spoke

Re- } So great the power of our love is
peats } now,

We can't persuade it reason for
to allow.

But I'll strive for to find
My love, though she's unkind,
So for to ease my mind.
Oh woe is me!
Hey ho, hey ho, my love,
Who is so Cruel as Jenny to me.

Strange Miracle of Cytherea's force,
For to transform a man into a horse.

{They offer to sing}
{and repeat agen.}

Fath. Hold, hold, are you both mad, is the Devil in you, if
he be, I shall have them will conjure him out of you. Come out
you Coxcombs, or I'll drive you out.

Ex. Father, Ninny and Woodcock.

Cou. Gent. These Gentlemen are as mad as March-Hares, Ma-
dam, as the saying is, but to our business, I had not the power as I
was a saying, to keep from you longer, Lady, not so much as a
pissing while, d'ye see! for Cat will to kind as the saying is.

Luce. Oh Sir, you complement, you are an absolute Countrey
Courtier.

Cou. Gent. Who I, alas not I, in sober sadness, we that live in
the Countrey are right down d'e see, we call a spade a spade, as
the saying is for our part.

Luce. You doe well Sir, for hypocrisie is an abominable
vice.

Cou. Gent. 'Tis indeed to be a Pharisy, and carry two faces in a
hood, as the saying is.

Emil. Now I wish my to'ther two fools would come back and
drive away this.

Luce.

Luce. I perceive you are very good at Proverbs, Sir don't you use to play at that sport with the Countrey Gentlewomen.

Con. Gen. O yes, I am old dog at that, I am too hard for 'em all at it, d'e see. *(to Emilia.)*

But Madam now we talk of the Countrey, how do you think you can like a Countrey life?

Emil. O rarely! I can't chuse, to fill ones belly with Curds and Cream, and stewd Prunes, to eat Honey-comb, and Rashers of Bacon at poor neighbours houses, and Rise by five a clock in the Morning to look to my dayry.

Co. Gent. O rare how we shall cotten together, as the saying is, I love a good hufwife with all my heart, but Madam, I have a cast of Hawkes, and five couples of Spaniels too, oh Madam, if you saw my beloved Bitch *Venus*, you would be in love with her, shee's the best at a Retrieve of any Bitch in *England* d'e see.

Emil. Is he here? this is Heaven to me to see him after my late afflictions. *(Aside.)*

Enter Stanford and Roger.

To the Cou. Sir I have some bus'ness will engage me half an hour,

Gent. { pray will you avoid my fight in the mean time.

Con. Gent. I will forsooth, I'll go see my horses fed the while.

Emil. This is a modefter fool then the others I am troubl'd with, but if my father had been here I shou'd not so easily have got rid of him. — What are you come agen? *(to Stanf.)*

Stanf. Ay, ay, too soon I am sure.

Emil. Are you not very foppish that you did not stay longer then? *(to Stanf.)*

Stanf. This accusation becomes you well indeed.

Emil. Why not Sir?

Stanf. Alas, you are not impertinent, no, no, not you!

Emil. I am sure you are: what can this mean?

Stanf. You were never pleas'd with *Woodcocks* damn'd voice yet, nor *Ninny's* ridiculous Poetry, not you?

Emil. Not more, than your self.

Stanf. No, no, you were not pleas'd with them, you did not praise 'em, nor entertain the other Two Fools with kindness, no not you?

Emil. What a ridiculous thing 'twas of you not to tell me this in one word.

Oh Heaven! are they here!

Stanf. How soon you can counterfeit the humour.

Enter Sir Positive and Lady Vaine.

Sir Pos. You see, I am as good as my word *Stanford*.

La. Va. You see, Madam, how ready I am to wait on your Ladyship.

Emil. Ay, to my cost I thank you.

Stanf. She thinks I am so easily bit as to take this for a satisfaction, but I am too old to be deceiv'd agen. *(aside)*

Enter Lovell and Carolina.

Lov. Now Madam to our bus'ness, if we don't put 'em out of this humour, 'tis strange.

Car. However let's use our lawful Endeavours towards it.

Enter Woodcock and Ninny.

Wood. { Sing }
and { together. }
Ninn. { Repeat }

Wood. 'Slife Sir, I'll teach you to trouble this Lady with your pitiful rimes.

Ninn. You teach me, nay, if you provoke me before Company you shall find me a Lion. ——— *(they draw)*

Wood. Have at y'e, Dear Heart.

Sir Pos. Hold *Woodcock*! why shou'd you disparage Poet *Ninny*, He's a man of admirable parts, and as cunning a fellow between you and I *Stanford*, I believe he's a Jesuite, but I am sure he's a Jansenist.

Wood. He a Jesuite, that understands neither Greek nor Latine.

Sir Pos. Now he talks of that, *Stanford*, I'll tell thee what a Master I am of those Languages; I have found out in the Progress

gress of my Study, I must confess with some diligence, four and twenty Greek and Latine words for Black Puddens & Sausages.

Wood. Think to huff me? I cou'd show you a matter of 200 wounds I got when I was a Volunteer aboard the Cambridge, Dear Heart, wou'd make you swoond to look upon 'em.

Sir Posit. Cambridge, well that Cambridge is a good ship, and do you know, *Stanford*, that I understand a Ship better then any thing in the World.

Stanf. Do you speak, Madam, you are pleas'd with this —
— To Emil.

Emil. Methinks you are as troublesome as he.

Sir Posit. You may talk of your *Petts* and your *Deanes*, I'll build a Ship with any of 'em for 10000. pound.

Emil. VVhat will become of me, for if I shou'd goe, they wou'd follow me.

Level. This is extreamly well Painted. —

Sir Posit. Painted? VVhy? Do you under-stand Painting? — *Shewes a picture to Carolina.*

Level. Not I Sir.

Sir Posit. I do; if you please leave that to me: 'Tis true, *Michael Angelo*, *Titian*, *Raphael*, *Tintaret*, and *Julio Romano*, and *Paulo Veronese* were very pretty hopeful Men; but I wou'd you saw a Peice of mine, I shew'd you my *Magdalen*, *Emilia*, and I protest I drew that in half an houre.

Emil. O! VVhat shall I do to get rid of all these Tormentors.

Stanf. I cannot but like this Woman, yet what ere's the matter; and yet I am sure she is impertinent. *(aside)*

Sir Posit. Let me see. *H.H.* — Oh Deare! Hans Holbin, here are Stroakes, here's Mastery; well, no man in *England* shall deceive me in Hans Holbins hand, take that from me.

La. Vain. O my Conscience, Madam, this Gentleman understands every thing in the World.

Carol. In good earnest, *Level*, that's very pleasant Han's Holbin; why 'tis a new Sign for my Landlord, finish'd but yesterday, that cost him a Noble the Painting, done by a Fellow that Paints Posts and Railes, one *Humphrey Hobson*, and he calls him Hans-Holbin.

Roger. Indeed

Rog. Indeed *Mr. Woodcock*, fifty miles in a day was well run.

Wood. 'Ifaith was't *Dear Heart*.

Sir Posit. Run; why, Why will you pretend to running in my Company; you run, why I have run sixty miles in a day by a Ladies Coach, that I fell in Love withall in the streets, just as she was going out of Town, *Stanford*; and yet I vow to thee I was not breath'd at all that time.

Lovel. There's Knight Errantry for you, Madam, let any of to *Carol*. } your Romances match me that now.

Wood. to } 'Tis true, Madam, *Sir Positive* and Poet *Ninny*
La. Fain. } are excellent men, and brave Bully-Rocks; But they must grant, that neither of e'm understand Mathematicks but my self.

Sir Posit. Mathematicks; why, Whose that talkes of Mathematicks, let e'm alone, let e'm alone: Now you shall see *Stanford*.

Wood. Why, 'twas I *Dear Heart*.

Sir Posit. I dear heart, quoth 'a; I don't think you understand the principles on't; 'o my Conscience you are scarce come so farr yet as the squaring of the Circle, or finding out the Longitude Mathematicks: Why this is the onely thing I value my selfe upon in the World *Cozen Emilia*.

Emil. Heav'n! deliver me.

Stan. Curse on e'm all! — Well, there must be something more in this Woman then I imagine.

Ninny to } No man in England playes better upon the Cit-
Emilia. Stern then. I do, aske *George* my Barbor else, Madam; he's a great Judge.

Sir Posit. Cittern, Cittern! Who nam'd a Cittern there? Who was't? Who was't?

Ninn. Now am I affraid to speak to him, he does so snub one: I was I and please you *Sir Positive*.

Sir Posit. You talke of a Cittern before me? when I invented the Instrument.

Lov. *Woodcock*. — Stand up to him in Mathematicks; To him.

Wood. Say

Wood. Say you so, well then, By the Lord *Harry*, Sir *Positive*, I do understand Mathematicks better then you; and I lye over against the Rose-Taverne in *Coven-Garden*, Deart Heart.

Sir Posit. I will justify with my Sword that you understand nothing at all on't — Draw.

Wood. Nay, hold, hold, I have done *Bully-Rock*, if you be so angry; but it's a hard case you won't give a man leave to understand a little Mathematicks in your Company, Deare Heart.

Sir Posit. Pox on't, I have told thee often enough of this, thou wilt still be putting thy self forward to things thou do'st not understand.

Emil. This Impudence is beyond all example, and there is no possibility of getting from e'm.

Carol. I'll tell you one thing, *Cozen*, you cannot understand.

Sir Posit. I'll be hang'd then.

Carol. You cannot Cheat at Dice.

Sir Posit. Ha, ha; Why you don't know me sure, you never heard of me.

Lov. Metaphysicks.

Sir Posit. Faith, well thought on, *Lovel*, prethee put me in mind of that presently, if I don't give you that account of Metaphysicks shall make you stare agen, cut my throat: But, as I hope to live, *Stanford*, 'tis a strange thing *Carolina* shou'd be so neer a Kin to me and not know me! False Dice, I have spent my time very well indeed, if any man out-does me in that; for your Goades, your High Fullams, and Low Fullams, your Cater Deuse Ace, and your Size Cater-Deuse, your Sinke Trey Ace, your Barr Cater-Trey, your Barr-Sinke-Deuse, your Barr-Sise-Ace, and all that, when I have study'd e'm these sixteen years — *Cozen Emilia*, you know this, don't you?

Emil. Oh horrid! What will become of me?

Stanf. Sare I was mistaken, for this must be a Woman of fence, I love her extreamly, I wou'd I did not.

Sir Posit. But what was that, *Lovel*, I desir'd you to put me in mind of?

Lov. Leger-

Lov. Leger, De-Maine.

Sir Posit. Good, there 'tis now; I had thought I had kept that quality to my self of all things in the World: sure the Devil must help thee, *Lovel*, How could'st thou come to know that I understood Leger-de-maine else? why, I'll perform all Tricks of Leger-de-maine with any man in England, let him be what he will; For the Cups and Balls, *Jack-in-a-Pulpit*, *St. Andrew's-Cross*.

Carol. Undoubtedly, *Lovel*, Cardinal *Mazarine* was a great States-man.

Sir Posit. States-man do you say? Cardinal *Mazarine* a States-man? well, I will say nothing of my self for that; no, I am no States-man: But, you may please to remember, who was bob'd at *Ostend*, ha, ha, What say you *Stanford*?

Emil. O Heaven! Can you contrive no way of escaping?

Stanf. Let's e'ne try what we can do, for we had better be with one another then with these Fooles!

Sir Posit. Betwixt you and I, I was the man that manag'd all that business against him.

La. Vain. Good lack a day, Madam, this Gentleman has a bottomless understanding.

Ninn. He's a very rare man, and has great power and imagination.

Wood. As any man in Europe, deare heart.

Sir Posit. This very thing has made me so famous all over Europe, that I may be at this instant Chiefe Minister of State in *Russia*, but the truth on't is, *Stanford*, I expect that neerer home.

Rog. *Jacob Halls* a most admirable Rope-Dancer, Mr. *Woodcock*.

Sir Posit. Honest *Roger*! How the Devil could'st thou find me out in that, *Jacob Hall* has told thee, has he not? I thought he wou'd ha' kept that to himself; but I taught him, nay, I taught the *Turke* himself.

Lov. Hey, from a States-man to a Rope-Dancer, What a leap was there?

Carol. My

Carol. My Maid is excellent at Pastry.
Sir Posit. Ha, why there is now upon my Honour I understand this ten times better then any thing I have spoke off yet, Pastry, why, the Devil take me if I would not be content never to eate pye but of my own making as long as I live; I'll tell you, when I was but four years old, I had such a fancy, and made such extraordinary dirt pies, that the most eminent Cookes in all London, wou'd come and observe me, to steal from me.

La. Vain. I beseech you, Madam Emilia, take notice of Sir Positive, he is a Prodigy of understanding.

Sir Posit. Ah Madam, 'tis your pleasure to say so; but 'twas this made me skillful in the art of Building, which is the onely Art I am proud of in the World; I'll tell you, Stanford, I have seventeen Modells of the City of London of my own making, and the worst of e'm makes London an other guess London then 'tis like to be; but no man in England has those Modells of Houses that I have.

Stan. This affliction is beyond all example; why the Devil do'st thou provoke him to this?

Lovel. Were it not a ridiculous thing of me not to please my self?

Stan. That's true; but, What will become of us in the mean time?

Emil. Heaven knows this door's lock'd, and there's no escaping at the other.

Sir Posit. I'll tell you, Madam, the other day a damn'd old Rat eate me up a Dining-roome and Withdrawing-Chamber worth Fifty pound.

Carol. A Rat eate up a Dining-Roome and Withdrawing-Room, How cou'd that be?

Emil. O fy, Sister, it's no matter how; why, Will you aske him?

Sir Posit. Why, I make all my Modells of Houses in Paste; I vow to Gad I am asham'd to tell you how much it costs me in a year in Milk, Meale, Eggs and Butter.

La. Vain. Dear Sir Positive, I think you understand more then ever Salomon did.

Sir Posit. No, no, Madam, alafs not I, I understand little, but I'll tell you, Madam, what was said of me the other day, by some great persons that shall be nameless.

Ld. Vain. What was that, Sir?

Sir Posit. That I was a man of the most universal knowledge of any man in *England*; but without comparison the best Poet in *Europe*.

Carol. ——— Now *Lovel* to your poast.

Lov. Navigation.

Sir Pos. Navigation d'ye talk of?

Carol. Geography.

Sir Pos. Geography d'ye talk of?

Lov. Astronomy.

Sir Pos. Astronomy d'ye talk of?

Carol. Palmestry.

Lov. Phisick.

Car. Divinity.

Lov. Surgery.

Car. Arithmetick.

Lov. Logick.

Car. Cookery.

Lov. Magick.

Lovel & Carolina speak so fast one after another, that *Sir Positive* turns himself first to one, then to another, & has not time to speak to them.

Sir Posit. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Navigation, Geography, Astronomy, Palmestry, Phisick, Divinity, Surgery, Arithmetick, Logick, Cookery and Magick: I'll speak to every one of these in their order; if I don't understand e'm every one in perfection, nay, if I don't Fence, Dance, Ride, Sing, Fight a Duel, speak *French*, Command an Army, play on the Violin, Bag-pipe, Organ, Harp, Hoboy, Sackbut, and double Curtal, speak Spanish, Italian, Greek, Hebrew, Dutch, Welch and Irish, Dance a Jigg, throw the Barr, Swear, Drink, Swagger, VVhore, Quarrel, Cuffe, break Windowes, manage Affairs of State, Hunt, Hawke, Shoot, Angle, play at Catt, Stool-ball, scotch-hopp and Trap-ball, Preach, Dispute, make Speeches. ——— (Coughs.

Prethee get me a glass of small-beere, *Roger*.

Stanf. Hell and Furies.

Emil. Oh, oh, ———

(They run.

Sir Posit. Nay, hold, I have not told you halfe, if I don't do all these, and fifty times more, I am the greatest Owle, Pimp, Monkey, Jack-a-napes, Baboon, Rascal, Oafe, Ignoramus, Loggerhead, Cur-dog, Block-head, Buffoone, Jack-pudden, Tony, or what you will; spit upon me, kick me, cuff me, lugg me by the

the

the cares, pull me by the Nose, tread upon me, and despise me more then the World now values me.

Ex. omnes, and he goes out talking as fast as he can.

A C T. V.

Enter Emilia, Stanford, and Lovely.

Stanf. **I**F you be my Friend, as you profess to be, you will not deny me this.

Lov. I am your Friend, and would not have you perplex your self with what you see there's no end of; Can this frowardness relieve you?

Stan. Good Sir, none of your Grave advice, I am resolv'd to relieve my selfe, by abandoning all conversation.

Lov. How can you brook *Emilia's* company?

Stanf. Pish! she's not altogether so troublesome: aske me no more Questions.

Lov. Hah! Does he like her? Thus far my Designe thrives: Well! I'll keep e'm from you a while: but the Hounds are so eager, they'l never endure pole-hunting Long. ———— *(exit.)*

Stanf. You hear, Madam, we are not like to be long free from these inhumane persecutors.

Emil. Why will you call e'm so? you know I am pleas'd with e'm: They are my Recreation as you were pleas'd to say.

Stan. No, no; you have convinc'd me of the Contrary: but, How can you blame me for so easie a Mistake?

Emili. You are a very fit Man to despise impertinent people: you are!

Stan. 'Till be very wisely done to stand muttering here, till the Fooles in the next Room-break-in upon you.

Emili. Perhaps as wisely done, as to trust my selfe with you, as you have behav'd your self.

L 2

Stanf. If

Stanf. If you have no more sence then to stay longer: I shall be assur'd of what I was but jealous of before.

Emili. What would your wisdom have me do now?

Stan. The Worst of them would not have ask'd such a Question: who but you would be in doubt, or would not fly as a Thiefe does from a Hue and Cry.

Emili. There's no hope of escaping.

Stan. Now will you in despair of avoiding them, stay here, and keep e'm company.

Emil. Twere vaine presumption to hope for Liberty by Miracle; they will no more lose us, then an Attorney will a young Squire that's newly waded into Law; who will be sure never to leave him till he has brought him out of his depth.

Stanf. By this rule you shou'd not resist a Man that comes to Ravish you, because he's like to be too strong for you; but if you did not use the meanes, your honesty would be no more admir'd in that, then your Wisdom in this.

Emili. This is a most admirable person. — Where should *Aside.* I go. *(to him)*

Stanf. I would run into a fire to be quit of e'm.

Pol. Well! I am content to go along with you, not for your sake, but my own.

Stanf. Perhaps my inclinations are not much unlike yours. *Enter Lovel, Carol, Sir*
Lovel. O *Stanford*, I can no longer keep them from you, 'tis as easie to Pol. Nin. Wood, La. Va. stop a Spring-Tide.

Stanf. Now, Whose fault was this? a Curse upon your delaying, now 'tis too late to fly.

Sir Pol. Do'st talke of flying, *Fack*; I'll teach thee to do that with the greatest ease in the World: 'tis true, I heard of a Coxcomb that broke his neck with the Experiment, but if I had been by him, I would have taught him to have flown with the best Gosh-Hawke in the World.

Stanf. O! Impudence!

Sir Pol. And for my own part for one flight or so, for I will not straine my self for any mans pleasure; I do't but for my Recreation: I am not mercenary. I will fly at a Herne with the best Jer-Faulcon that ever flew; that's faire.

La. Vain. O

La. Vain. O

La. Vain. O very Fair! as can be, by all means Sir learn of him hee'll do't.

Sir Pos. Do't Madam, I think so: I tell you all Elements are alike to me, I could live in any one of 'em as well as the Earth: 'Tis nothing but a sordid Earthy Nature in us makes us love the Earth better then any other Element.

Enter Roger.

Emil. I see it is in vain to torment our selves without endeavouring our Liberty.

Stanf. That's cunningly found out.

Rog. Sir, if you can find a way to be rid of *Sir Positive*, and my Lady *Vaine*, I'll tell you how to quit your selves of the other.

Emil. We may set 'em one upon another, and by that we may either get rid or (at least) be a little reveng'd of 'em.

Stanf. That may make some amends for your last neglect.

Car. Now they are settl'd in their business, I'll leave 'em and go to my Tyrewoman in Coven-Garden, who has some Excellent new Patterns of Lace for me, will you please to Squire me along.

Lov. I hope you have no design upon me: are your Intentions honourable?

Car. Yes indeed are they, I intend no rape upon *to Woodcock*. you.

Lov. Nor any other unlawful way of love.

Car. Leave fooling, and let's away — — — Ex. *Lov. Car.*

Sir Posit. P'shaw! I could live in the water so well: that o' my to Conscience I am Amphibious, I could catch fish as well as any Cormorant or Otter, nay I can live so long under-water, that (but that I have greater designs on foot here) I would go into the West Indies to dive for Sponges and Corals, and if in one year I were not the richest man that ever went thither I wou'd be hang'd *Jack Stanford* when I swom over agen.

Stanf. 'Sdeath I would you were under water one half hour in the mean time.

Sir Posit. Faith I would I were *Jack*, thou wou'dst admire to see what

what pleasure I take in lying under Water an hour or two, especially if the Water be warm!

Stanf. Yes, yes, and you can eat fire too? can't yee?

Sir Posit. P'shaw! you admire a man that eats fire among you, one that has a deprav'd palate, and is not able to taste an Ash from an Oak-Coal, which I can distinguish as well as I can a pick'd Herring from a Muscle.

Ninn. Eat fire it is Impossible?

Sir Posit. You are a Fopp, I pity your ignorance, eat fire? Why I'll eat Fire and Brimstone with the Devil himself man, what dost talk of that?

Wood. I warrant you, Dear Heart, I'll do't, and yet I am to *Emilia*. I plaguently affraid of *Sir Positive*.

Emil. What am I forc'd to? Master *Ninny*, you have often profess'd some kindness to me.

Ninn. And Madam may I never make Couplet agen if I don't love you better then I do Musick or Poetry.

Emil. And understand me as little ———— *(aside. to him.)*
I shall soon make trial of you.

Nin. And before *George* if I do not serve you! ———

Emil. Then be sure the next thing *Sir Positive* pretends to: Contradict him in, and be as *Positive* as he is, and by this perhaps you may deserve my kindness.

Ninn. But suppose, Madam, he should draw upon me, and do me a Mischiefe.

Emil. Master *Stanford* and his man will bail you from that.

Ninn. In confidence of this I shall be glad to serve you.

La. Vain. I wonder, dear Sir, a man of your incomparable Ability's shou'd want preferment.

Sir Pos. Modesty! modesty! we that are modest men get nothing in this age.

Lady Vain. Perhaps the World does not know of these things!

Sir Pos. Not know! why I was never in Company with any man in my life; but I told him all.

Wood. And no man ever believ'd you, Dear Heart.

Sir Pos. As I hope to breath, *Fack* this fellow's mad.

Wood. Ne're tell me, Dear Heart, I know you understand nothing

thing of all you have pretended to in comparison of me, Dear Heart.

Sir Pos. Is not this very pleasant, Madam, ha, ha.

Ninn. Nay, nay, never laugh for the matter, and think to bear up against all the World, do you think I don't think my self a better Poet then you.

Wood. And I a better Musitian ;

Sir Posit. You Impudent Baboons !

Ninn. Let him alone, let him alone *Woodcock.*

Wood. Ay, ay, alas I laugh at him : ha, ha, ha.

Enter Bridget.

Bridg. Madam, the party has stay'd for you a good while at the setting Dog and Partridge.

La. Va. Come, while they dispute, let's go — *Ex. La. Va. Bridg.*
(*Emilia offers to go out.*)

Ninn. Nay, Madam, if you don't stay to prevent Mischief, I have done: for I find I begin to grow furious, and dare not trust my own temper.

Sir Pos. Have you the Impudence to say you are a better Poet, and you a better Musitian than I am?

Ninn. Ay, ay, and not onely so, but a better Divine, Astrologer, Mathematician, Geographer, Seaman —

Wood. A better Physician, Lawyer, States-man, Almanack-maker.

Ninn. Ay, and what shall break your heart, a better Trap-ball-player too, take notice of that —

Wood. In one word, I understand every thing that is or is not to be understood better then you doe: take that from me.

Ninn. And let me tell you, *Sir Positive*, 'tis a very confident thing in you to pretend to understand any thing as well as I do.

Sir Pos. O Impudence!

Wood. You understand! how should you come by understanding. Where had you your Knowledge, Dear Heart? P'shaw.

Sir Pos. What will this age come to?

Ninn. Your Insolence makes me blush, as I hope to breath, for
such

such an empty fellow to talk of wit or sence; p'shaw, prethee hold thy Tongue.

Sir Pos. I am amaz'd!

Wood. I tell thee, dear Soul, I love thee so well, I would not have thee pretend to these things thou dost not understand.

Ninn. Especially before such men as we that do understand.

Sir Pos. I can hold no longer, ye eternal Dogs, ye Curs, ye Ignorant Whelps: I'll sacrifice ye, let me go: if there be no more sons of Whores in England, I'll murder 'em.

Stanf. Bear up to him, I'll prevent all Injuries.

Ninn. Nay then Sir; never fret and fume for the matter: look you Sir, pray what can you do better then I?

Wood. Or I either: let's hear't, Dear Heart.

Sir Pos. Hear it you Rascals, I'll rout an Army with my single valour: I'll burn a whole fleet at three Leagues distance; I'll make ships go all over the world without sayles: I'll plow up rocks steep as the Alps in dust, and lave the Tyrrhene Waters into Clouds (as my friend *Cateline* sayes.)

Ninn. P'sh w! you! I'll pluck bright honour from the pale fac'd Moon (as my friend *Hot-spar* sayes) what do you talk of that?

Emil. Certainly, he's distracted! this is some revenge.

Sir Pos. This single head of mine shall be the balance of Christendom: and by the strength of this I'll undermine all Common wealths, destroy all Monarchies, and write Heroick Playes: ye dogs let me see either of you do that.

Stanf. This is raving madness.

Ninn. Wou'd I were well rid of him, I tremble every joynt of me.

Sir Posit. With this right hand I'll pluck up Kingdoms by the roots, depopulate whole Nations, burn Cities, murder Matrons, and ravish sucking Infants, your Curs can you do this?

Rog. But Sir in the midst of your fury my Lady *Vaine* is gone away with a Gentleman.

Sir Pos. Ah dear *Roger* which way did she go? show me quickly I'll bring her back and she shall see me take satisfaction of these Rascals.

Ex. *Sir Pos.* & *Rog.*
Wood.

Wood. I'm glad you are gone, Sir, my heart was at my mouth, did I not do the business rarely, my pretty Rogue? How canst thou reward me for this? hah?

Emil. Unfortunate Woman! what am I reduc'd to? if you will go immediately to *Oxford Kates*, and stay for me in the great Room there, I will not fail to come to you in a little time. And let you know how sensible I am of this favour; go, go instantly and make no words on't.

Wood. I fly, Madam, O dear Roger: I have catch'd her, O Rogue! I'll provide a parson immediately: dear son of Whore let me kiss thee. —

Stanf. I shall have a better opinion of her Wit then ever I had, if she gets rid of this brace of *Fack-Puddens*. *Ex.*

Ninn. Ay Madam, you see what danger I have undergone: I am onely unhappy I have lost no blood in the service: for as a Noble Author sayes, — *It would have been to me both loss and gain.* But shall I hope for any favour from you.

Emil. Let not *Stanford* perceive any thing; go and stay for me at *Oxford Kates* in the great Roome, and there we may freely speak our Minds.

Ninn. And will you not fail to come?

Emil. No, no, but what ever happens remove not till I come to you: away, away, we are observ'd.

Ninn. O admirable Fortune! sure I was born with a Caul on my Head, and Wrapt in my Mothers Smock, the Ladies do so love me. *Ex.*

Emil. I would these Two fools were oblig'd to stay there till I came to 'em.

Stanf. Now I hope you will take Warning, and stay here no longer, where they may find you out, unless you take pleasure in 'em.

Emil. Where can I find a place of safe retreat?

Rog. I have a sister lives in Coven-garden, a Tyre-woman, where at this time of night you may be private: if you please command the house.

Enter Sir Positive.

Emil. Make haste then! O Heav'n is he return'd?

Sir Pos. Pox on't I can't find my Mistress; where are these Rogues?

Stanf. My Lady Vaine is return'd, and *Ninny* and *Woodcock* are with her in the next room.

Sir Pos. Say you so? I'll in and first make the Puppy's recant their errors, and then murder 'em in presence of my Mistress.

Stanf. So! you are fast. *locks the door.* *Ex.*

Emil. Come away, away! *Ex. Stanf. Emil. Rog.*

Sir Pos. *Stanford* open the door, are you mad? hey *Stanford!*

within. Cozen *Emilia!* open the door.

Enter Lady Vaine and Bridget.

La. Vain. What is the house empty?—'Twas an unlucky thing that the Gentlemen should go before we came.

Bridg. That may thank *Sir Positive*; would he were far enough for me for keeping your Ladiship so long.

Sir Pos. Stanford: *Emilia!* open the door! there! help; help! help.

La. Va. That's his voice! what can be the matter? the Key is in the door, I'll in and see — *She unlocks the door.*

Enter Sir Positive.

Sir Pos. O Madam! your humble servant! If I don't murder *Stanford* may I never have any share in your Ladiships favour.

La. Va. Did he lock you in?

Sir Pos. Yes, Madam, for which with this blade that is inur'd to slaughter, will I slice him into Atoms.

La. Va. No sweet *Sir Positive* restrain your passion, such a fellow as he deserves to be toss'd in a blanket.

Sir

Sir Pos. No, no, never talk of that Madam! Such a Revenge is below me, but I have a Pen that will bite and I'll do it vigorously. And yet the Rogue has done me a kindness: for if he had not lock'd me up, I had miss'd of your Ladiship.

La. Va. Sir, upon my honour, I intended not to have stay'd from you!

Sir Pos. But Madam, the loss of you has put me into that fright that I desire to make sure of you.

La. Va. As how, good Sir?

Sir Pos. To marry you this Night!

La. Va. That's short Warning.

Sir Pos. But Madam, I have had your promise these three days And that's long enough to expect performance.

Bridg. Madam! e'en take him at his Word.

La. Va. But how shall I answer that to my friend in the Countrey?

Bridg. Ne're trouble your self for that Madam, 'tis fashionable to have a servant as well as a husband, and besides the pleasure of a Gallant, there will be another, which is no small one to some women, of deceiving your husband.

La. Va. Thou art in the right Wench: besides the failing of this assignation has set me so a Gogg I would very unwillingly lye alone to night.

Sir Pos. Come Madam, I see you are consulting: I'll send for a Parson shall soon finish the debate.

La. Va. Well Sir! your Intentions are so honorable, I submit to you.

Sir Pos. O intollerable happiness: Let's dispatch it immediately in this house.

La. Va. No Sir! I'll carry you to a more private place.

Sir Pos. Come Madam, I'll wait on you. — *Exeunt.*

Enter Lovell, Carolina.

Car. Now I have dispatch'd this important bus'ness of woman-kind, which is making themselves fine, we may return

Lov. To the place from whence we came, and from thence to the place of Execution; if you please: I'll have a Levite ready.

Car. No, Sir, I know you are too true a Son of the Church to venture that after the Canonical hour.

Lov. I am not so formal to observe a Method in any thing besides Marriage, being at best unseasonable, can never be less than now.

Car. To speak gravely; let us first take the advice of our pillows: since sleep being a great settler of the brain may be an Enemy to Marriage, for one wou'd think that few in their right Wits wou'd undertake so unseasonable an action: as you call it.

Lov. Must people then be tam'd into Marriage: as they man Hawks with watching.

Enter Stanford, Emilia, Roger.

Car. What's here: my Sister with *Stanford*?

Emil. How unlucky is this, my Sister and an idle fellow with her.

Stanf. Ne're trouble your self if your Sister be not a Fopp: He's none I'll assure you.

Emil. You are a very Competent Judge indeed.

Car. How now Sister can you with all your gravity steal away by night with a Gentleman?

Lov. Come *Stanford*: there's Love betwixt you for nothing else can make men and women so shame fac'd as to seek out private places.

Car. Come Sister if it be so: ne're mince the matter, 'tis the way of all flesh.

Lov. And we are so far onward on that way that if you don't make haste you will scarce overtake us.

Car. Come confess *Emilia* what brought you hither?

Emil. I came to fly from Impertinence, and I have found it here.

Car. That will not bring you off Sister: for if you did not like this Gentleman very well, you wou'd fly from him as soon as any man.

Stanf. For my part I onely came to defend her from Assaults at this time o' night.

Lov. If you had not an Extraordinary value for her you would

would not play the Knight-Errant to my Knowledge; Is not this dissimulation of yours very ridiculous.

Stanf. I must needs confess I never saw any Woman I dislik'd less.

Carol. And, What say you Sister of this Gentleman?

Emil. To give the Devil his due, I have met with less affliction from him then from other men.

Carol. Nay, then in good earnest it must be a match.

Emil. That's wisely propos'd of you to me, that am immediately leaving the World.

Stan. Pox on her! how she pleases me. — — — (*Aside.* to *Emil.*) Why, Who intends to stay behind?

Carol. If you neglect this opportunity, Sister, you'll ne're be so well match'd agen.

Stanf. 'Twill not be so pleasant to go alone as you imagine.

Carol. No, no, take hands and march along I say.

Emil. That wou'd be much to the advantage of my honour.

Lov. I'll send for one shall satisfy that scruple, Madam.

Emil. The remedy is almost as bad as the Disease.

Stanf. Perhaps if you consider, it 'twill be your VVifest course.

Emil. No doubt I shou'd have an admirable Companion of you, as you think.

Carol. I find you have so great a passion for the Country Gentleman my Father has provided for you, you will never be perswaded to be false to him.

Emil. He will be the greatest plague of all: What shall I do to be rid of him?

Carol. There is but one way Sister; E'ne dispose of your self to that honest Gentleman, to have and to hold.

Stan. 'Twill be very discreetly done, not to quit your self of this Country Fellow, and the rest of your Fooles, now it is in your power.

Lov. Faith, Madam, be perswaded and joyn hands.

Stanf. The truth is, I think we cannot do better then to leave the World together: 'twill be very uncomfortable wandering in desarts for you alone.

Emil. If

Emil. If I shou'd be so mad as to Joyn hands with you, 'twould not be so much an Argument of Kindness to you, as Love to my self; since at best I am forc'd to chuse the least of two great Evils, either to be quite alone, or to have ill Company.

Lov. This will end in Marriage I see.

Emil. O no! I dare not think of that, if he shou'd grow troublesome, then 'twou'd be out of my power to cast him off.

Stanf. Why there's no necessity we should be such Puppies as the rest of Men and Wives are, if we fall out, to live together, and quarrel on.

Emil. The Conditions of VVedlock are the same to all.

Stanf. VVhatsoever the Publick Conditions are, our private ones shall be, if either growes a Fopp, the other shall have liberty to part.

Emil. I must confess that's reasonable.

Lov. Away Roger, and fetch a Canonical Gentleman.

Rog. I will Sir.

Lov. Faith, Madam, you have taken great paines, Was't for your self or me you did it?

Carol. You have a very civil opinion of your self I see.

Enter Roger.

Rog. O Sir! yonder's Sir *Positive* and my Lady *Vaine* just alighted at the Door, with the man you sent for.

Emil. O undone! ruin'd for ever!

Stanf. Slife you Rascal, did not you tell me I might be private here?

Rog. Pray Sir do not fret, but make your escape out at the back doore.

Stanf. Away, away! quickly for Heavens sake!

Lov. Come, Madam! let's follow e'm.

(Exit omnes.)

Enter

Enter Ninny and Woodcock.

Ninn. Will you never leave ones roome a little; I tell you I am busie.

Wood. So am I, and 'tis my roome deare heart, let me tell you that.

Ninn. Before *George, Woodcock*; 'tis very Impertinent to trouble one thus.

Wood. So 'tis, *Ninny*, I wonder you'll do't; for my part, a man that had the least Soul of Poetry in him, would scorne to do this.

Ninn. What? Do you say I have not a Soul of Poetry in me? I don't love to commend my self *Woodcock*; but, now I am forc't to't: I must tell you, I have six times as much power in me, as you have.

Wood. You lye dear heart!

Ninn. Why, you lie then, to tell me that I lye, so you doe.

Wood. You are a Son of a Whore, dear heart, to tell me I lye.

Ninn. You are a Son of a VVhore as well as my selfe, to tell me so, and you go to that.

Wood. I, I, you may say your pleasure; but have a care Bully-Rock, for if you give me the least affront, I'll break your Pate, take that from me.

Ninn. I'll take it from no man: if you doe; I'll break yours: agen man, for all you are so brieft: 'Slife, one shan't speak to you one of these dayes, you are grown so purdy.

Wood. Well! well! Dear Heart!

Ninn. VVell well too! and you go to that: if you be so fierce: But, I'de faine know what occasion there is for you and I to quarrel now?

Wood. Ay, what indeed dear heart; Therefore, prethee Dear Soul Kifs me, Dear Rogue, if thou lov'st me, go out of my Roome.

Ninn. No, good sweet *Woodcock* now, go thee, I'll do as much for thee another time, as I hope to Live.

Woodcock. Dear.

Wood. Dear Curr I love thee; but prethee excuse me, I have a Mistress to meet in this very Roome; Therefore dear pretty Ninzy leave me.

Ninn. Cods my Life kins to see the luck on't: may I never verisify agen if I am not here upon the same occasion: I'll give thee five Guynny's if thou'lt leave me: I shall spare e'm well enough when I have got her. *(aside.)*

Wood. I'de have you know, *Ninny*, I scorn your Guinny's, alafs, poor Foole, he little thinks I shall be in a better Condition to spare fifty then he can five: VVhy then, in short, let me tell you I am to be marry'd within this halfe hour, in this very Roome, dear heart.

Ninn. This is prodigious! may I never have Play take agen if I am not to be marry'd here within this halfe hour, and to a very great Fortune too.

Wood. So is mine, Bully-Rock!

Ninn. Dear *Woodcock*, let's reconcile this busines here; I have two Dice, he that throws most stayes: then am I sure to be too hard for him that way, for I can nap a Six a-yard. *(aside.)*

Wood. No, not I: by the Lord *Harry*, I'll not trust a busines of that Concernment to Fortune.

Ninn. Nay, then Sir, I will keep my Roome, I was first in't.

Wood. By that rule you shou'd go first out.

Ninn. 'Tis not you can turn me out.

Wood. Say you so: I'll try that!

Ninn. At your own peril!

Wood. Can't you stand a little? Why do you go back so dear heart?

Ninn. Let me alone, I know what I do in going back, I have the Law on my side, and if I kill you, it will be found *se defendendo*.

Wood. Ay, ay, Have you murderous Intentions dear heart? If you do kill me, I will declare upon my Death-bed, That you had Malice in your heart, dear heart.

Ninn. Who I? as I hope to be sav'd I scorn your Words: I Malice; do your worst: I am better known then so: I am not so outrageous: pray hear me a Word: You know we Authors and Ingenious Men have a great many Enemies.

Wood. VVe

Wood. We have so.

Ninn. At this rate we may kill one another: and a Pox on e'm they'd be glad on't; and for my part I wou'd not dye to please any of e'm.

Wood. Nor I neither; therefore prethee leave me my Roome, to prevent danger.

Ninn. I am not so base: but, if you will, let us lay down these dangerous Engines of Blood, and Contend a safer way, by the way of Cuffe and Kick.

Wood. Ay, ay, with all my heart; what a Pox care I: come, come, you shall see I dare do any thing, since you are resolv'd to try me.

{ Enter two Servants, and
part e'm, & Ex.

Enter Stanford, Lovel, Carol, Emilia, Roger.

Stanf. Here we are in as much danger as ever: Could any thing be so foppish as returning to the place from whence we fled.

Emil. 'Tis a sweet time of night to go upon the Ramble.

Carol. We are safe enough from any body but my Father; and we cannot be troubled with him long: 'tis his hour of going to Bed.

Emil. How shall we dispose of the Country Fellow, if he should return.

Rog. Let me alone; I'll find a Trick for him: I liv'd in the same Town with him, and know him to be a down-right credulous man, that will swallow any thing.

Enter Father and Countryman.

Stanf. Now see what you have brought your self to:

Fath. Come Daughter, What think you of my choice of a Husband, He's extreme rich; and, Is he not a very accomplish'd Gentleman, hah?

Emil. There's a Fellow indeed, why he has not Soul enough for a Cock-Chicken.

Fath. You are a foolish froward Girl; thus to despise your happiness; I'll tell you, either resolve to Marry him to morrow morning

Lov. Hark you Sir! if you will take my advice, be not so hasty: you know young Ladies are alwayes Coy, and out of their little knowledge of the World, are apt to refuse that which may prove their greatest happiness.

Fath. What would you have me do with one that is so obstinate?

Carol. If you please, take some milder way: let us withdraw, and wee'll all help to perswade her: you know it is not proper to be done before him.

Fath. I'll be rul'd in this: but if perswasions will not do, force shall.

Carol. Be sure you seeme pliant to his Commands, it may advance our designe.

Fath. Sir, wee'll wait on you agen presently. *Ex. all but*
Coun. Gen. Your Servant Sir! — honest Roger } Country G.
 in sber sadness I am glad to see you well; I had } and Roger.
 almost forgot you.

Rog. And, How does your sweet Sister Madam Dorothy?

Coun. Gent. O brave and lusty, as sound as a Roach, as they say.

Rog. I heard your Worship was knighted.

Coun. Gent. No, not I Roger: I am not ambitious of that: As that excellent Proverb sayes; Honour will buy no Beife.

Roger. Now we are alone, Sir, I am oblig'd to tell you; I am sorry to see one, whom I so much honour'd, so ill us'd.

Coun. Gent. Pish! its no matter man! I care not for Knight-hood one pin of my flieve, as the saying is.

Rog. Sir, I mean something concernes your Worship nearer.

Coun. Gent. Nearer! What can that be?

Rog. I must beg your Pardon for that; I may be rain'd for my endeavours to serve you.

Coun. VVhat, VVould any of your Town-Gallants bob me of my Mistress?

Rog. That were too good newes for you to be true?

Coun. Gent.

Count. Gent. Thank you for nothing: Is this the honour you have for me, to wish me the loss of a Mistress worth 10000, l. d'ye see; udds nigs that's a good one indeed.

Rog. 10000. l. Ha, ha, ha; would she had it for her own sake and yours too?

Count. Gent. Faith are you there with your Bears? nay then I have brought my Hogs to a fair Market.

Rog. If she had had one of those thousands my Master would have Marry'd her long e're this; Sir, I have alwayes honour'd you, and could not in Conscience but tell you this, and now it is in your power to ruine me.

Count. Gent. Nay, I'll be as silent as a Dormouse, but is it possible?—

Rog. Nay, do not believe me if you please; but I have discharg'd my duty: and, if you Marry her, the Inconvenience will be yours, not mine: Besides, if she had that Fortune you speak of, which she has as much as I have; What good would it do you in the end? She'll ner be perswaded to live in the Country, you must keep her in Town, with her Coach and six Horses, Pages and Lacquies: and she must visit the Playes, the Park, and the Mulberry-Garden.

Count. Gent. O Lamen-table! this were the way to get a pair of Hornes bigger then the Staggs head in My-Hall has: but, if I were Marry'd to her, I'd get her into the Country as sure as a Gun.

Rog. If you shou'd, you'd have every week this Earle, that Lord; this Knight, and that Gentleman of her kindred come to take the fresh Aire; and to Hunt and Hawke with you in time of year.

Count. Gent. Why they wou'd eate me out of House and Home, as the saying is.

Rog. They would despise your Beife and Mutton: you must keep a Couple of French-Cookes; and eate nothing but Potages, Fricasces, and Ragusts, your Champinions, Coxcombes and Pallats, your Andoilles, your Langue de porceau, your Bisks and your Olio's.

Count. Gent. What are all these, several sorts of Sweet-Meats.

Rog. O no Sir! these must be your constant food, and every Dish will cost you a Piece; and, Will this be done with a small Portion of a thousand Pound.

Count. Gent. I shou'd soon bring a Noble to Nine-pence then as they say.

Rog. Then you must have your Quails, Ruffs, Gnatts, God-witts, Plover, Dotrills, Wheat-Eare, Cock of the Wood, and a hundred sorts of Fowles: besides, they would scorn your Ale and Sider, and March-Beer: you must have your Sellar full of Champaign, Chablee, Burgundy, and Remedy Wines; But Mum Sir, if you love me,

Enter Father, Stanf. Emil, Carol, Lov.

Fath. Come, Sir, I have brought my Daughter to be obedient to my Commands, and I would have you prepare to be Marry'd to morrow morning,

Count. Gent. I shall faile you d'ye see.

Fath. What is't you say?

Count. Gent. I shan't be so civilly as the saying is.

Fath. This is madness.

Count. Gent. No Sir, no; There's no catching old Birds with Chaffe, Fare-you-well.

Fath. D'hear Sir!

Count. Gent. No, Sir, fare ye well---I am no Bubble, as they say.

Exit.

Fath. I am amaz'd! I'll after him; and inquire into the business, I must not lose this Son-in-Law.

Exit.

Level. The Rogue has done it dexterously.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Come Sir, here's a Parson in the next Roome, dispatch, while the old Gentleman's out of the House. *(They are going out.)*

Enter Woodcock.

Stan. 'Slife, *Woodcock's* here! I'll cut his Throat.

Emil. Pray none of your Hectoring here, to Alarm the House.

Wood. How now, Dear Heart! Why did not you come to me as you promis'd.

Emil.

Emil. For Heavens sake go up into the Room two pair of Stairs, and I'll steal from hence, and give you an Account: make haste.

Low. Come let's in before we be interrupted agen. (*Ex. Wood.*)

Enter Ninny.

Ninn. Hi't Madam; before *George* 'twas unkindly done, not to remember your assignation just now.

Emil. You'll spoil all: I could not get loose; run into the garden there's a back door: I'll come to you immediately, make haste, we are observ'd.

Ninn. O ho! this is something.

Stanf. This woman has a soul. ————— *Ex. omnes.*

Enter Huffe drunk.

Huff. I have pursu'd him into this house, that has abus'd me so basely behind my back, and by this Whiniard, and by the spirit of Gun-powder: I'll sacrifice him to my fury: Come out you son of a Whore.

Enter Stanford, and the rest after him, Stanford presses upon Huffe, and he falls.

Stanf. That this Puppy shou'd provoke me to draw upon him, that is so drunk he cannot stand.

Huff. That's a mistake, not so drunk yet, but if I had stood soberly to't, I should have been run through the Lungs before this.
(*to himself.*)

Enter Sir Positive and Lady Vaine.

Emil. Is there no end of our affliction?

Sir Posit. Dear *Cozen* and *Jack Stanford*, give me Joy, I am marry'd to a Lady that is the greatest Pattern of Wit: and the greatest Example of Vertue that this age hath produc'd, and for her face look upon't, look upon it I say! she's a beauty take that from me, what say you *Stanford*? (*flourish within.*)

Stanf. Yes, yes, she's curfledly handsome.

La. Va. If my glass does not flatter me: you are not deceiv'd in your Judgment, dear Sir.

Sir Posit. Here I have brought Fiddles to rejoyce with you *Jack* and Cousin, since I know you love mirth as well as I do.

Enter

Enter Woodcock.

Wood. I had waited for thee my dear Miss if this unexpected Musick had not brought me hither.

Enter Ninny.

Ninn. How now? what Fiddles are these?

Sir Pos. You dogs are you here? now Madam you shall see how I'll chastise these fellows that wou'd be Wits.

Wood. Hold dear Rogue! why should'st thou be angry? upon my honour I did but droll with thee, for by the Lord Harry I take thee to be one of the pillars of the Nation, Dear Heart?

Sir Pos. O' do you so?

Ninn. Dear Sir *Positive*, I beg your pardon a thousand times, For my part I believe there never was a man of that prodigious understanding that you have.

Sir Pos. Do you so? I knew it was impossible they shou'd be in Earnest, but do you hear? have a Care of being *Positive* another time, a man wou'd think you might learn more Modesty of me.

Wood. Come Dear Heart, art thou here: prethee kiss me, and let's be friends for all our late Cuffing: what need we care for a dounce or two of the Chops Bully Rock.

Ninn. Nay for my part I value it as little as you do, and you go to that.

Enter Father and Countrey Gentleman

Fath. What Ryots this in my house? at this time o' night?

Sir Pos. Riot! do you understand what a Riot is in Law: I'll tell you: for no man in this Nation has committed more then I have.

Fath. Tell me not of Law Sir? what mean these Fiddles I say at this time o' night?

Sir Pos. Unckle they are mine: I am marry'd to this Lady, and resolve to be merry in your house before we go to Bed.

Fath. Is that it? give you Joy, your Cozin *Emilia* and this Gentleman will not be long after ye.

Stanf. Sir, you are mistaken, your daughter has dispos'd her self in another place.

Wood.

Wood. How the devil did he know that *Ninny*?

Nin. He little thinks where she has bestow'd her self, ha, ha, ha.

Wood. No, no, nor thee neither, dear Rogue, ha, ha, ha.

Ninn. Well! honest *Woodcock*, I think I may trust thee, thou art my Friend: I am the man she has made choice of, and thou shalt be my Bride man.

Wood. Ha, ha, ha, poor whelp! how he will find himself bobb'd immediately: that this Coxcomb should not find all this while that I am the man. (aside.)

Fath. It cannot be what without my Knowledge or Consent?

Wood. Ay, ay, she's dispos'd on; Dear Heart.

Ninn. Ay, ay, she's dispos'd on.

Fath. To whom?

Stanf. } To me.

Wood. } To me.

Ninn. } To me.

Fath. How now to all three?

Car. Sir, she has taken Master *Stanford*, and I Master *Lovell* assure as a Parson can make us.

Fath. What do I hear?

Car. Sir, I beseech you be not offended, their Births and Fortunes are not unequal to ours, and if they were, 'twere too late for it to be redrest.

Fath. Is this true?

Emil. Yes Sir, perhaps too true. (to *Stanford*.)

Wood. Am I fool'd after all this? well I say no more, Dear Hearts.

Ninn. Well let the Nation sink or swim an't will for me: henceforward instead of Heroick Verse, hereafter I will shew all my power, and soul and flame, and mettle in Lampoon; I durst have sworn she had lov'd me.

Fath. Well! Heaven bless you together since you have don't.

Co.Gen. So Sir, I see my Cakes dough, as they say; but I hope you'll pay the Charges of my Journey d'ye see.

Sir Pos. Well Cozins I am glad of your good Fortunes, and for my own part, if I understand any thing in the world I am happy in this Lady.

La. Vain. Sir! you are pleas'd to Complement.

Enter

Enter Luce.

Luce. *Sir Positive* here's a Letter was left for you, it comes out of the Countrey.

Sir Posit. } *Sir Positive* I am inform'd, but know not how to be-
reads } lieve it, that you intend to marry one that calls her
self my Lady Vaine: The respect I have for your family urges me to
tell you she is a Counterfeit Lady, and is at present my Mistress, by
whom I have had one child, and I believe she's half gone of another,
all the Fortune she has is what I allow her.

I have seen enough, how am I perplex'd? read *Lovell*.

Fath. Come Master *Woodcock*! and Master *Ninny* notwithstanding you are displeas'd let's have your Company a little longer.

Wood. Nay for my part, Dear Heart, I do not care what becomes of me?

Ninn. Nor I neither as little as any man.

Lov. Don't betray your self to the Company. (*to Sir Positive.*

Sir Pos. Well! this is the first thing in the World that I have met with which I did not understand: but I am resolv'd, I'll not acknowledge that: Master *Lovell* I knew well enough what I did when I marry'd her, He's a wise man that marry's a harlot, he's on the surest side, who but an Ass would marry at uncertainty.

Lov. What will not a *Positive* Coxcomb defend?

Car. Since we are all agreed: in stead of a grand Dance according to the laudable Custome of Weddings, I have found out a little Comical Gentleman to entertain you with.

Enter a boy in the habit of Pugenello, and traverses the Stage, takes his Chair, and sits down, then Dances a Figg.

Emil. No Wedding day was ever so troublesome as this has been to me.

Stanf. Make haste and quit the Trouble.

*Now to some distant desert let's repair:
And there put off all our unhappy Care,
There certainly that freedom we must find,
Which is deny'd to us among Mankind.*

Exeunt omnes.

F I N I S.



Epilogue.

Physitians tell us, that in every age
 Some one particular Disease does rage,
 The Scurvy once, and what you call the Gout,
 But Heaven be prais'd their Reign is almost out;
 Yet a worse malady then both is bred,
 For Poetry now reigneth in their stead:
 The Itch of writing Playes, the more's the pity,
 At once has seisd the Town, the Court, and City.
 Amongst the rest the Poet of this day
 By meer infection has produc'd a Play.
 Once his hot fit was strong when he was bold
 To write, but while you judge hee's in the Cold,
 Yet pray consider, few of you but may
 Be given up so farre to write a Play:
 If not for his, for your own sakes be kinde,
 And give that mercy which you hope to finde.

THE END.



Epilogue.

P. Husbands tell us, that in every age
 Some one particular Disease does reign;
 The Scourge once, and what you call the Gun;
 But Heaven be prais'd their Reign is almost o'er;
 For a worse, namely than both is bred;
 For Poetry now reigneth in their stead;
 The Art of writing plays, the more the pity,
 As once has seiz'd the Town, the Court, and City.
 Amongst the rest the Poet of this day
 E. never infection has produced a Play;
 Once his last I was strong when he was bold
 To write, but while you judge he's in the Cold,
 Let pray consider, how of you he may
 Be given up to have to write a Play;
 If not for this, for your own sake best think,
 And give that money which you hope to find.

THE END.